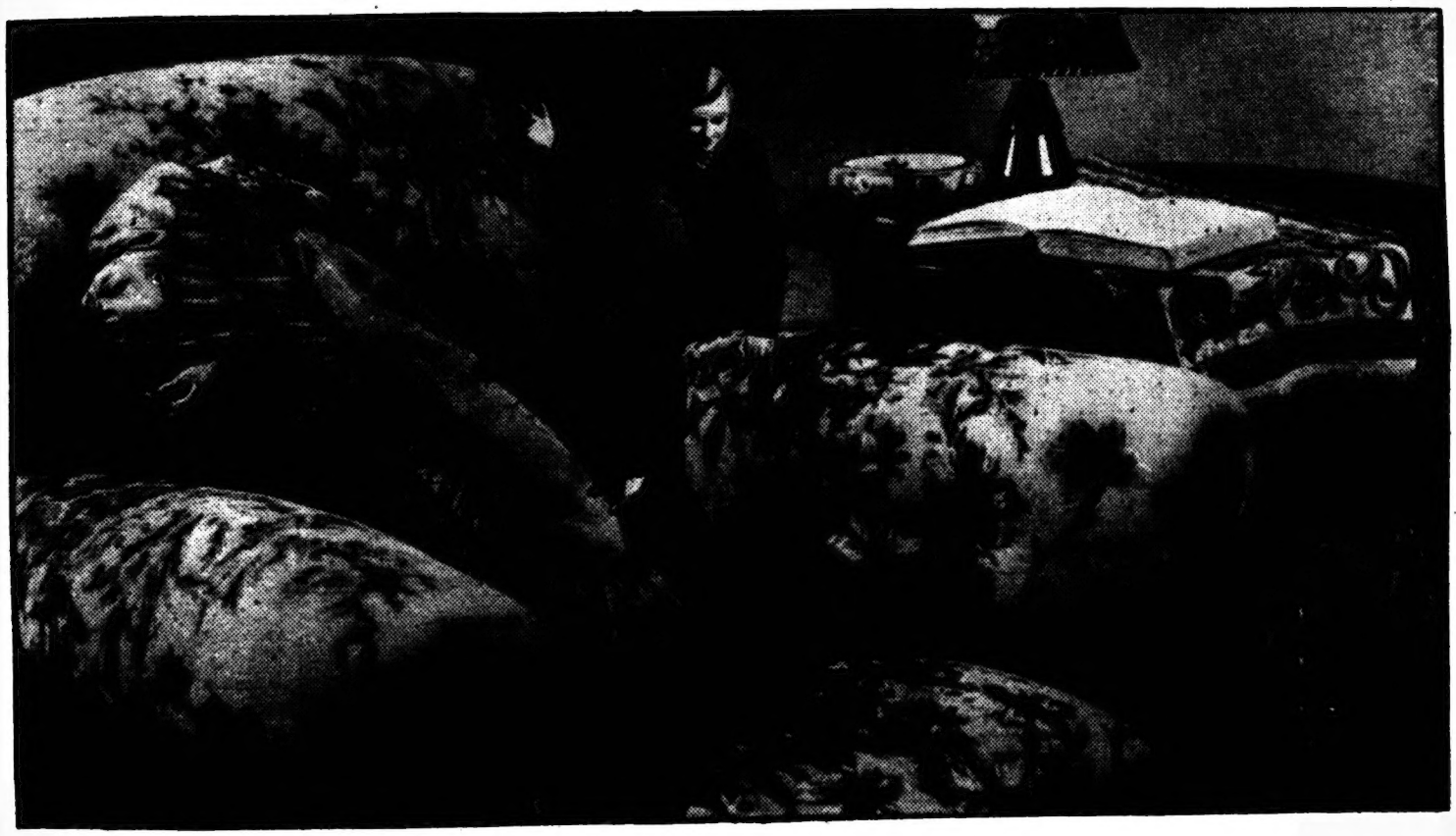
JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 8, 1932

£5,000 FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS SEE PAGES 38 & 39.

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1373.

JOHN BULL

When coloured things look dull before their time INGRAINED GRIME is the cause



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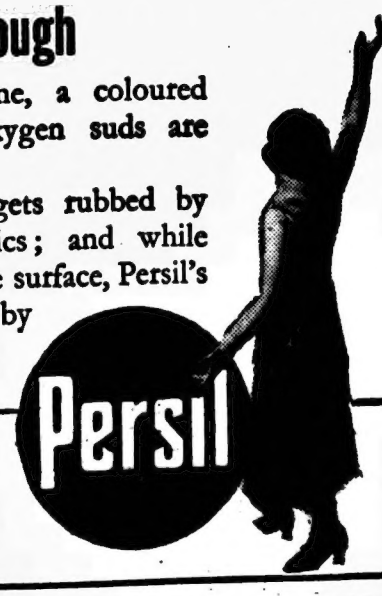

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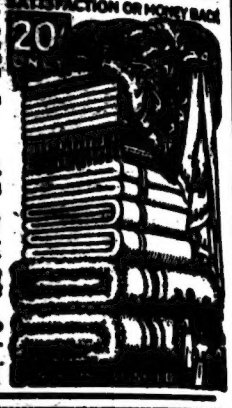

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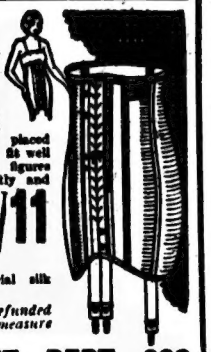

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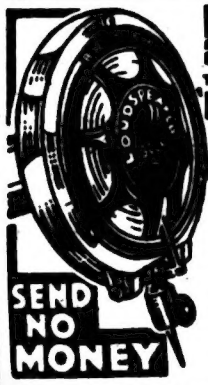

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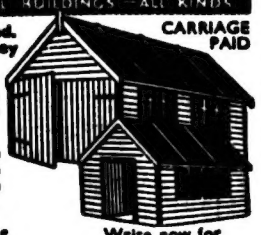

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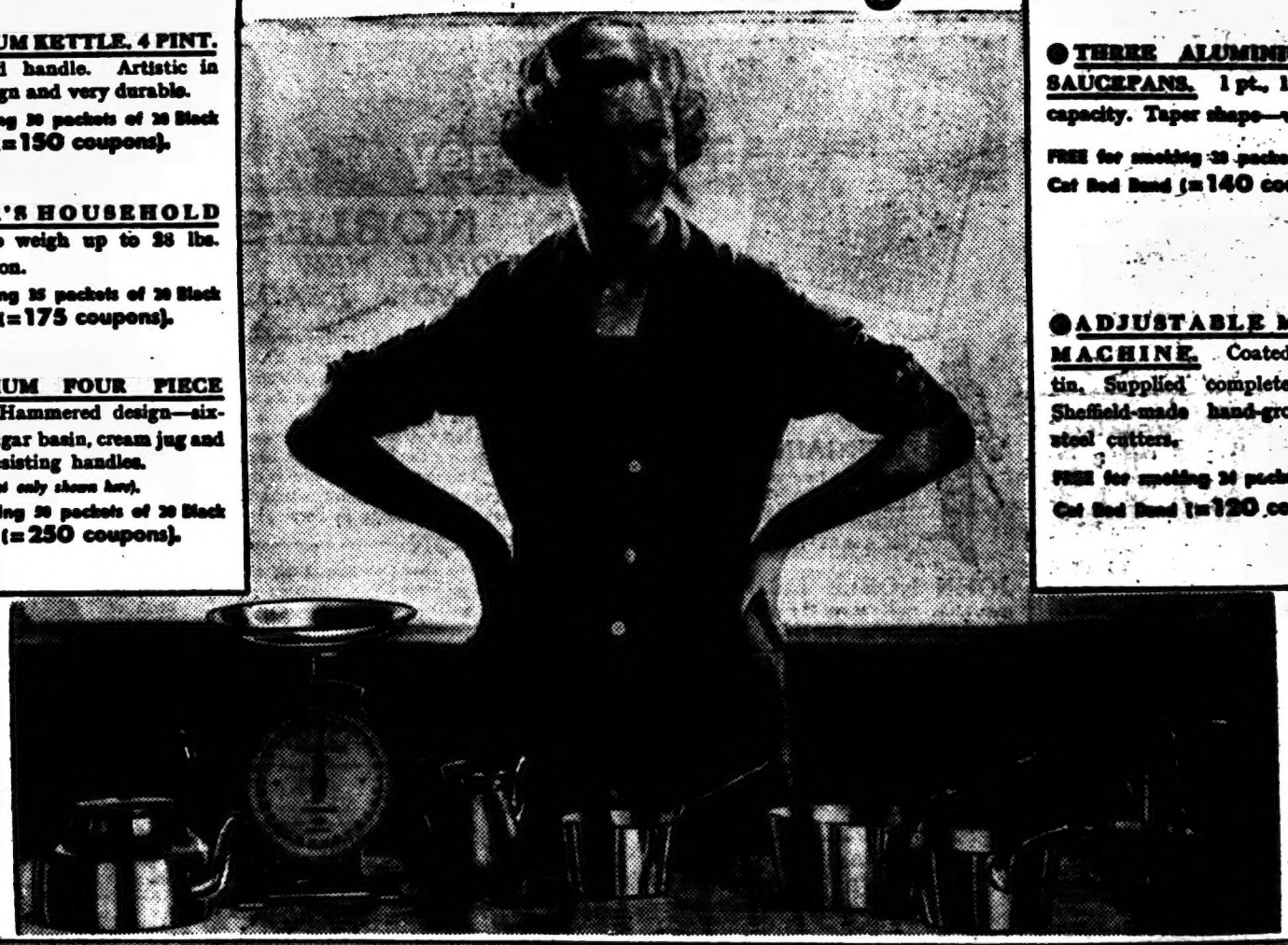

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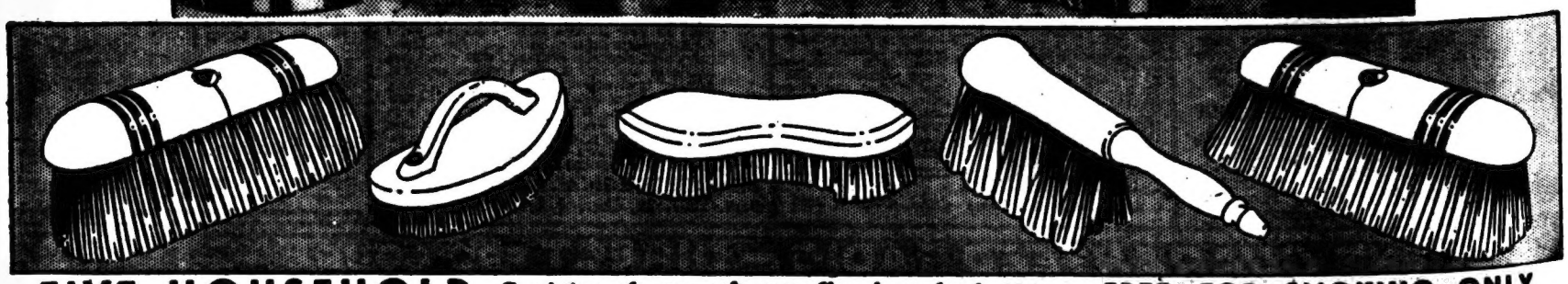

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Without Fear or Favour

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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PUNISH *these* EMPLOYERS!

WORST "DOLE" WANGLE YET

Unscrupulous Employer: "Splendid—they are all grist to my mill!"

IT never seems to occur to the authorities that the country could be saved a vast sum of money by other methods than merely paying less to fewer workless.

They seem to remain blandly ignorant of the fact that the "dole" system is being exploited and audaciously used for profit-making purposes by certain employers who are virtually swindling from public funds.

It is always the unemployed who are held up as cheats and malingerers.

We do not plead for special sympathy for men or women guilty of "dole" frauds, and it is not with any intention of making a white from two blacks that we call attention to the latest phase of "dole" abuse which involves the guilt of employers.

We do so because we believe that if the Ministry of Labour resolves to fight and end this corruption it will find a more laudable method of protecting the taxpayers than by harsh driving of the economy screw.

One flagrant misuse of the "dole" system is that certain unscrupulous employers are recruiting labour from the exchanges and stealing an unfair advantage over their trade competitors by grossly underpaying the workers so obtained or causing them to work longer hours. One set of terms is announced to the exchange and different conditions actually imposed.

Yet if the worker refuses a job under such conditions he is debarred from unemployment benefit, or, at least, payment of it is suspended and he and his family will probably starve during the weeks that the case is being officially investigated.

So every week thousands of men are forced by necessity to accept jobs with employers using the employment exchanges solely for the purpose of scoring over their rivals who observe standard wages and hours conditions.

This not only hits the decent employer, but leads to more "changing-over" of labour, with consequent bigger call on the "dole."

BUT this is not the worst. There is a still more discreditable type of employer who is impudently using the "dole" to subsidise his business. It is by far the worst "dole" abuse we have yet had to lay bare. It is criminal.

Men and women are being compelled by employers of this kidney to continue drawing the "dole" after they have started to work for them. It is, in fact, all they ever receive as wages or salary. Anything else they get is earned by way of commission.

This is barefaced robbery of the taxpayers.

The conspiracy is admittedly a difficult one to establish. Once a worker succumbs or is coerced into it the employer has the whip-hand. If he is liable to prosecution for fraud, so are his servants, and if they dare to protest or threaten to expose him he raises the whip.

Moreover, this class of employer is so ingenious when engaging workers that, when accused, he can deny having had any knowledge that they continued to draw the "dole."

These business rogues are unworthy of the name of employer. They represent, as a rule, mushroom, upstart firms with little capital or assets. They produce nothing. They act as selling agents and obtain the goods they trade in from manufacturers on credit.

Then up and down the country they proceed to engage large staffs of men and women to go from house to house demonstrating and canvassing orders. Always the goods offered are articles of domestic utility.

WHEN unemployed persons are obtained from employment exchanges to begin this work they are told that they will be paid wholly upon a commission basis. Cautiously, the hint is given to them that they should not "sign off" at the exchange because, owing to inexperience, they may earn nothing in the first few weeks and thus remain technically unemployed.

As time goes on they discover that their income from commission sales is not only difficult to obtain, but is poor and irregular. They also soon realise that the employer has no intention of asking them to withdraw their employment insurance cards from the exchange for stamping purposes. Also they find that they are being given time off work at the periods when they should be signing the register at the exchange.

In this crafty manner the employer conveys to them his tacit order that they shall continue drawing the "dole."

Once enmeshed in the trap, there is no escape for the workers unless they are prepared to face conviction and imprisonment. Their employer is guilty of fraud. But so are they.

In every part of the country employers of this kind are thus paying wages with the public's money.

There is a sure and quick remedy for this intolerable evil.

It is that workers who are suffering this experience should call at once upon the manager of the employment exchange from which they receive benefit and tell him everything. We are confident that the Ministry of Labour will behave with clemency and that the local courts of referees will not be prejudiced when considering the continuation of benefit.

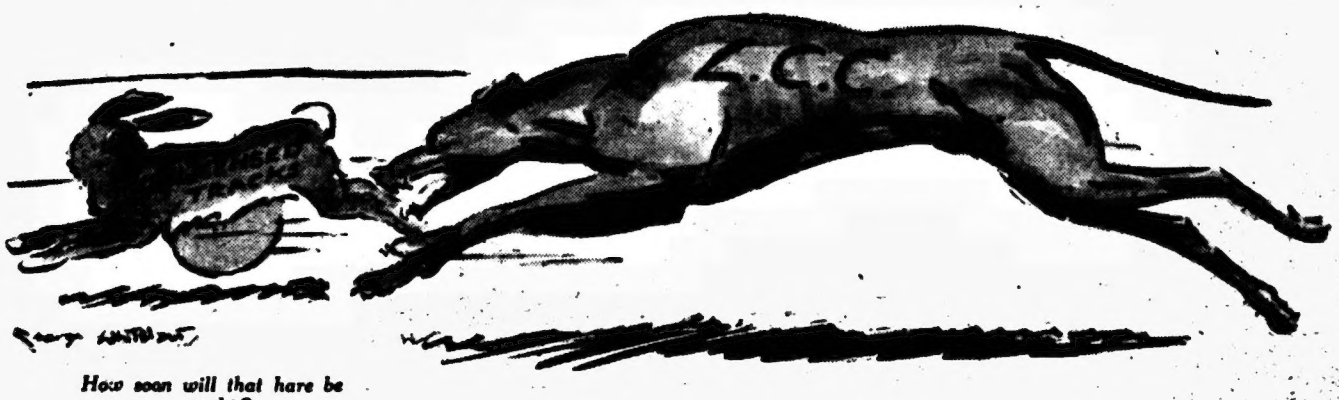
That is the only course the authorities could take in the public interest, because it is only with the co-operation of the victims that employers whose ruse we here expose can be brought to justice.

When they are, everybody else will be better off—the taxpayer, whose money they use in effect to pay their wages bill; the workers whom they victimise, and the great mass of good and honest employers of whom they take a grossly unfair advantage.

They must be put out of business, or else put in jail.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Our Dog Racing Campaign Bears Fruit



How soon will that hare be caught?

CLEAN up dog-racing, or it is doomed!

We said that recently in our sensational exposures of the corruption and fraud that is practised at the public's expense on certain unlicensed tracks.

We demanded immediate legislation to end this scandalous state of affairs.

And now the London County Council has decided to give its powerful support to our demand.

He must act

The Council is to send a deputation to the Home Secretary to urge the need of such legislation.

The Home Secretary must not delay action.

The appalling growth of mushroom enterprises all over the country, and the raising of money on the strength of the few successful tracks, is flourishing without hindrance and undermining public confidence in the sport.

Control board

The National Greyhound Racing Club, we are glad to say, is fully alive to the danger.

It has told the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting that a Betting Control Board should be set up, similar to the Board appointed for horse-racing.

It has also urged that unlicensed tracks should be controlled, and that greyhound racing bookmakers should oe given a definite status like that enjoyed by their colleagues on horse-racing courses.

Plain duty

The Home Secretary may be tempted to await the Commission's report. But that is not expected for many months, and perhaps years.

It is his plain duty to act *now*, and to check the abuses which threaten the very existence of dog-racing.

In doing so he will have the support of every genuine follower of this great sport.

Disgruntled House Buyers

A Mean Divorce Trick

Disgruntled

Hundreds of thousands of people who have bought houses through building societies are disgruntled at having to pay higher rates of interest than do new purchasers, since the societies reduced their terms for borrowing money.

The result is that in many parts of the country committees of old borrowers are being formed to fight what they regard as an injustice.

The rebels' ruse

They have devised a scheme under which each member contributes to a central fund.

This is used to pay off the mortgage of one member, who then takes out a new mortgage at the new—and cheaper—rate.

Directly this new mortgage is arranged, he pays back the money advanced from the central fund. That is then borrowed by another member to pay off *his* old mortgage.

And so it will go on until every member has by this device taken advantage of the cheaper interest charges.

The snag is the cost of legal charges, which in some cases wipes out the benefit of reduced interest.

It must end

In any case, the committees hope that their action will soon force the societies to reduce their interest rates to old borrowers.

The old borrowers, they contend, have helped to build up the great prosperity of the societies, and deserve at least equal treatment with those now starting to buy their houses.

We sympathise with the old borrowers. We also appreciate the great debt they owe the societies, who have brought house purchase within the pockets of the masses.

The present dispute is thus doubly regrettable. We hope an amicable settlement will quickly be reached.

Lifting the axe

Don't be surprised if some of the emergency economies put into operation a year ago are soon removed.

The Prime Minister is anxious that they should be reconsidered, for he realises that some of the "cuts" are costing the country more than they save.

Good business

A man charged at Bootle with obtaining £150 public relief by false representation was fined £5 or a month's imprisonment.

Not bad business for the man—£150 for £5.

Men who endanger the relief of people honestly in need of it should get stiff sentences

Jack must wait

The Lords of the Admiralty have decided that Jack Tar deserves a better system for airing his grievances.

So their lordships are to hold a review from time to time of lower deck matters. The first will be ordered about the end of 1935—three years hence.

This may be a better system, but it would be still better if the review was held at least once a year.

No more milk wars

We are glad the Ministry of Agriculture has taken our advice and is to put into force a national milk marketing scheme. This will prevent the annual threats of a milk price war.

True, there is a "but." Distributors and producers will have to agree to their industry being reorganised before the scheme can be carried through.

The Government must see that they do agree.

We win again

Time after time we have warned our readers against accepting the offers of "well-paid home-work" made by the Astor Trading Company, of Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

We have consistently attacked the unscrupulous methods of this firm. We are glad to say that we need do so no longer.

Its principals, Albert Richard Wheare and John William Brown, have each gone to jail for twelve months on charges of fraud in connection with their home-work ramp.

Let us hope that other swindling rogues of their kidney will soon be in the same place.

Mean revenge

Should divorce be turned into an instrument of revenge?

The question is prompted by the great falling-off in the number of applications to make decrees absolute.

This means that the successful petitioner (whether man or woman) is preventing the remarriage of the respondent. It seems to us a mean form of persecution which might reasonably be remedied by an alteration in the law.

A scheme and a song

Harrow Town Council started a town planning scheme *before the war*. It is now announced that this scheme is "within sight of being approved by the Ministry of Health."

So now we know why the Harrow School Song is "Forty Years On."

No road to fortune

One of the finest tennis players in the world has just won the professional British championship for the fifth time.

His name is Dan Maskell. Not "Mr." Dan Maskell, because he is a "pro," and is therefore hardly entitled even to the "Dan."

His reward was £20, and out of that he had to pay his expenses. The tournament lasted a week, so there couldn't have been much profit.

And all because he's not an "amateur"!

The sporting tramp

Another sportsman we like is the tramp who, after a twenty-five miles' walk, stopped to watch a village football match in Wiltshire last week.

One team was short of a man, so he volunteered to play. By scoring three goals, he won the match for his side.

Both teams gave a few shillings to him, and when the match was over he went tramping on again.

We don't care whether he lost his amateur status or not, but we wish him jolly good luck.

The ghouls are busy

With the approach of Armistice Day, the ghouls of the war cemeteries in France have begun again to seek dividends from the dead.

We refer to the profit-making concerns in France and Belgium which send to the relatives of the fallen crude "scrolls of honour" with a request for half-a-crown in payment and larger fees for the placing of wreaths on the graves.

The War Graves Commission, we know, would like to see the activities of these harpies ended.

Particularly to be ignored are demands for money from two individuals named R. Smith and R. Dawes, who have operated in various guises and are now trading as the Overseas Ex-Service Men's Association, from Albert, Somme.

What a farce!

A cat was thought to be in difficulties on a river bank in Manchester the other day. A policeman fetched the fire brigade, who lowered a 40 ft. ladder.

The cat promptly swam to the other side. So three house doors were taken from their hinges and made into a raft.

A fireman fell off the raft three times.

When the cat was eventually rescued, it was found to be none the worse for its adventure.

But it seems to have caused a senseless waste of time and money.

Bad for foxes

Capt. Harold Crocker Springall Thompson was very fond of hunting. In his will, just published, he left £1,000 "towards the promotion and furthering of the interest of fox-hunting."

We know quite a number of hospitals that would have welcomed the legacy.

The road to jail

Frederick George Prenton was a Liverpool sub-postmaster who handled hundreds of pounds a week. His salary was 17s. 3d. a week

For stealing £112 he has gone to prison for three months.

We don't like dishonest officials, but we equally dislike low wages. The G.P.O. says that Prenton's office was being run as an experiment.

A very bad experiment.

Prosecute them!

How much longer must we protest against children being allowed to handle firearms?

A girl of fifteen has been killed in Cornwall by a boy playing with a sporting gun.

People who leave dangerous weapons lying about should be prosecuted—and heavy penalties imposed.

Do doctors know?

Panel patients are chiefly working-people who have to go to their doctor when their day's work is finished.

And it often happens that by the time they get the doctor's prescription the chemist's shop is shut. As they go to work before it opens in the morning, they have to wait twenty-four hours for their medicine.

The Ministry of Health and the doctors should insist on steps being taken to ensure that this dangerous delay is averted.

Too precious to be seen

St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has a beautiful and valuable mosaic floor.

The covering which hides it from the public gaze is to be removed for the fourth time in forty years—and put back again. Cost—£100.

Of course, the floor is covered to prevent damage But if people cannot walk across it, or even see it, what on earth is the good of it?

"Bullets" Champion Wanted

Not long ago the "Bullets" champion was a Paisley carpenter, who won £4,000 for his famous "Bullet"—MAN WITH A GUN—WASN'T "GREATEST SCULPTOR'S" DESIGN.

Later a Nottingham lace designer captured the title and 4,500 Guineas for his telling effort—IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*.

Now both these champions are to be swept aside. The new "Bullets" champion will be the winner of the £12 a week for life or £5,000 cash which awaits you on pages 38 and 39.

Let a coupon carry you off to the land of dreams come true!

"OUR COLONIES BACK"—

The Peace Treaty at Versailles where Germany gave up the colonies she will now try to regain

—GERMAN Bombshell COMING

by COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY

THE Junker Government of Germany is on the warpath.

With yet another election looming ahead in November, this handful of German nobles, squires and professional soldiers, headed by Von Papen, ruling with the support of their veteran President Hindenburg, has no organised party support in the country. The democratic and liberal elements are bitterly opposed to them and all they stand for.

Von Papen must, therefore, at all costs appeal to the rising nationalism of young Germany. The Germans are a sentimental people, and are just now in a highly sensitive condition. Their demand is for equality as a nation.

Von Papen and his merry men intend to exploit this sentiment of the German masses; and they do not worry overmuch whose toes they tread on in the process. Above all, they want to outbid Hitler and his Nazis, who have been making just the same appeal to the German people, and especially the younger generation.

It was the present German Government that fluttered all the dovecots in Europe by demanding equality in armaments.

Either, they said, the European signatories of the Treaty of Versailles must come down to the compulsory low level of German armaments or Germany herself must be allowed to rearm and have battleships, tanks, heavy guns, bombing aeroplanes and submarines.

Quietly arming

WHEN a stiff Note from the British Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, was added to the blunt refusal of the French to agree to any such modification of the Treaty, Germany withdrew from the Disarmament Conference, and is already strengthening her forces on the quiet.

The Von Papen Government is now ready to play another card; and it will cause as great a sensation. *It intends to demand the return of the German Colonies confiscated under the same Peace Treaty after the Great War.*

It will threaten, if it does not get its way, to withdraw from the League of Nations altogether.

In point of fact, I happen to know that the Germans do not expect, or indeed wish, to get back *all* their territories; some of them were a losing proposition, and Germany cannot afford the luxury of subsidising overseas possessions.

But they hope to obtain certain territories, partly as a sop to the pride of the German people, and partly because they want an outlet for their surplus population and particularly the younger educated men, engineers and other technicians and professional men who have meagre prospects of employment at home. But we may take it that the full demand will be made; and it will create a difficult situation.

The United States, whose Senate refused to ratify the signature of the late President Wilson to the Treaty of Versailles, will stand aloof as they did over the German armaments demand.

The French may try to bargain, supporting the German demand for certain territories, of course not those now under the French flag, in exchange for some German agreement over the eastern frontier in the interest of France's ally, Poland; and also, possibly, in exchange for some German understanding about armaments.

Italy, who is dissatisfied with her share of territory under the Peace settlement, which dissatisfaction was one of the causes of the rise of Fascism and the coming into power of Mussolini, may back the German demand.

The onus of dealing with this new crisis will fall upon us. It will be England who will be looked to for some generous action. We should be prepared, therefore, and know what the situation is, what lies behind the German demand, and how we should meet this admittedly awkward situation.

Germany's demand

DURING the Great War the Allies declared that they were not fighting for territory; and, apart from the Czarist Government of Russia, which had ambitions to possess itself of Constantinople, this was broadly true.

The German Colonies, though taken from the mother-country, were not annexed by their present holders. They were converted into mandates, at the disposal of the League of Nations. These mandates were conferred on the present holders. *The Germans will demand that the mandates be now conferred upon them.*

The Germans came late on the scene as a colonising Power. They began their colonial administration without experienced officials, and made the mistake of trying to dragoon and Prussianise the local inhabitants.

Liberal-minded Germans admit the harshness and the bureaucratic nature of German rule overseas, but their excuse is that their countrymen were inexperienced and, in any case, were no worse than, for example, the Portuguese and Belgians, whose Colonial administration has led to grave scandals from time to time.

The German demand now is that they should be given a second trial, that it is difficult for young Germans to emigrate owing to various restrictions in the United States, Canada and Australia, and if they do emigrate to South America it is difficult for them to make a living owing to economic depression.

And, as I have stated, the chief basis of their demand is for equality in the councils of the nations and the removal of what they describe as a stigma—namely, that they alone of all the European Powers are unfit to have tropical colonies.

Now let us examine these former possessions of the German Empire, and by whom they are held.

Togoland is a plantation colony—that is, it is in the tropics near the Equator, on the west coast of Africa, and is unsuitable for close settlement by white men. The Germans did well there as merchants and plantation owners.

The territory is now divided between England and France. If Germany gets Togoland back it will only benefit a few German capitalists.

German South-West Africa, as it used to be called, is now held as a mandate by the Union of South Africa, which is unlikely to surrender it. The Germans never made a success of "South-West" despite huge expenditure.

The German Pacific Colonies are too near the Equator to be suitable for white colonisation also.

The principal territory in New Guinea is unhealthy for white men, and is now administered, under a mandate, by Australia. The Samoan group of islands is beautiful, but has a bad moral reputation. It is administered under a mandate held by New Zealand.

Neither of these two Dominions is likely to give up its mandate for a moment. The Japanese will certainly not surrender the small islands they obtained under the Peace Treaty, and which were formerly German possessions. They are too valuable strategically.

There remains the former German South-East Africa, now known as Tanganyika. The Highlands are well suited for white settlement, like the uplands of Kenya Colony.

This was the one colony where the German settlers did well. A number of German farmers still remain in possession of their estates. Part of the territory was ceded to Belgium under mandate.

Bristling with danger

IT is this territory that the present German Government has its eye on, and would like to receive a mandate for from the League of Nations. It would not be averse, either, from receiving that part of the Cameroons which the French hold, so as to "even things up."

The British colonists in Kenya would object strongly. They have been working for years for a union of the three territories of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, as it is now called, to be governed from Nairobi, where the English settler element is strong.

The Government of the Union of South Africa will also object, partly for reasons already stated, and partly because a number of Boer agriculturists have taken up land there, as have a number of British settlers.

The whole question, therefore, bristles with difficulties, and will require the most careful handling.

Of this the present German Government is aware. But the Junkers are not at all averse from throwing this fresh apple of discord into the camp of Germany's former opponents.

The Greatest Tragedy in

Homeless natives with the remnant of their household goods on the flooded Yangtze. Beyond is the half-submerged city of Anking

HERE is an article that will open your eyes about China.

The Dean of Canterbury recently returned from that stricken land, and this is the moving story of his first-hand experiences, written specially for JOHN BULL.

It explains why he said last week when referring to reports that flood and famine had driven some of their victims to so-called cannibalism: "If I were dying I would give my hand to help starving children to live."...

THE Yangtze is the world's greatest river—the highway for a tenth part of the human race. Steamers ascend its waters for a thousand miles. Ocean liners drop anchor at Hankow, six hundred miles inland from the sea.

A majestic river always; terrible in flood; most terrible of all in August, 1931, when, after widespread, prolonged and phenomenally heavy rain, the waters rose fifty-three feet and the floods surged on through central China towards the sea, sweeping away villages and towns, creating an inland lake 900 miles long and some forty miles wide, and submerging a territory surpassing England in size to an average depth of ten feet.

Millions were rendered homeless; millions more utterly destitute; how many more were drowned outright none will ever know.

A number greater than the entire farm population of the United States were affected.

Devastation

Through those devastated regions I journeyed.

Up the Yangtze, along the Ting Tung lake, by the Grand Canal, into Mongolia; and finally in a motor truck by forced stages and in record time, through Shansi, Shensi and Kansu into Tibet.

Few, perhaps, have travelled so far in so short a time in China.

Acting in conjunction with Sir John Hope Simpson, of the National Famine Relief Commission, it was my duty to inspect each district in succession.

North Anwei first. Many of its villages contained a mere fraction of their former population. The survivors had escaped by clinging to the roofs of such houses as still stood. Foodless, drenched and huddled together, it was four days before they were rescued. Remoter hamlets suffered most. Nothing remains to sell; no furniture, no fuel, no cattle, no fowls.

We entered the tiny huts, mere booths of bamboo cane and matting, and ransacked them for food. A piteous store. A fragment of ground chaff. A basin of weeds. Yet all so neat and orderly.

Suicides were common.

I saw a would-be suicide after she was rescued from the well down which in hunger and misery she had flung herself. Recovering consciousness in a mission hospital, she drank six bowls of soup and thought she was in heaven. Her photograph perpetuates the smile.

Worse things than suicide happen. Men eat human flesh.

Not, perhaps, quite so terrible as it sounds.

Were I dying, and would my hand support the life of the starving children around me until the help which was coming should arrive, I would, as far as I was concerned, gladly bequeath my hand for that use. At any rate, I cannot blame the Chinese.

Heroic guards

There were heroic deeds, too. The lighthouse men on the Yangtze stood at their posts. Clinging to crumbling buildings, or anchored in frail river craft, hungry and shelterless amidst the roar of waters, they guarded their lamps when all else was lost and led the steamers safely to Hankow.

Children suffered terribly.

One loves the black-haired Chinese child. My first Chinese lesson—how to write the numerals—was given to me by a boy of ten on a Yangtze steamer. He knew no English, I no Chinese. Yet we conversed for an hour and a half with pencil, paper and laughing gesture. He drew. I drew.

We discussed many things, and after exchanging ceremonial cards—his name was hastily written on the back of a rather dubious portrait of an actress—I told him (by closed eyes, reclining head and a noise like snoring) that it was time for bed.

Famine just slays these children. They die like flies.

Can I ever forget that dreadful, bitterly cold night in a desolate country, when I met the families on their northward trek? Stragglers spread out along the mountain road; mostly tiny lads of tenderest years, bare-foot and exhausted, certain of a night in the open, all alone amidst that waste of rocks; better, perhaps, if they never awoke again. Sometimes these little creatures are sold, boys for nine and girls for fifteen dollars.

One starving lad received a copper from my friend. He spent it—but not on food. His mother lay dead of starvation. He was alone in the world. With the copper he hired men to give her honourable burial and then faced death himself. He did not die; my friend discovered him and saved him.

Along the Yangtze things were less desperate, and more quickly righted themselves. It is always so where communications are good. Trade and commerce ply along the great rivers, whose waters also teem with fishes.

Sixty-six ocean steamers arrived in the Yangtze with grain from America, to be paid mainly in wages for dike repair. These dikes now spread for thousands of miles along rivers and canals. Life is saved, flooding prevented; and the scrupulous administration of the relief gives China just the object-lesson she needs.

Findley Andrews, the missionary whom the King has honoured, was my guide around the so-called Red Fringe on the Ting Tung lake. He taught me that drought slays more than flood in China. One million died of drought in Kansu in 1927. He saw the dead and dying by the road.

Bandit peril

Once he faced a crowd of 10,000 with supplies for 200. He had to choose who should live and who should die.

There was grain in China then; transport was lacking. Kansu had no roads. So Andrews began road construction and the Americans are continuing it, with Major Todd as engineer—a wonderful man, with four times as much large-scale work to his credit as anyone living.

Todd took me on a hazardous

The Human Machine

That Extra Bit

MRS. EDDY, the founder of Christian Science, once wrote that "The devotion of thought to an honest achievement makes the achievement possible." Many people have said similar things; but it is the addition of that little word "honest" that makes Mrs. Eddy's remark outstanding.

What is an "honest achievement"? You could, no doubt, define it in many ways, but it is, surely, above all, the completion of a job of work that is worth while doing, the bringing about of some result that is worth while, the production of something that will make the world a little better than it was before.

How many of us have ever set out, deliberately and consciously, to bring about an honest achievement in this sense? Any number of people get through their day's work faithfully and well. They don't grouse; they don't slack; they don't cheat. They earn whatever money they are paid.

But that is not enough. That is not honest achievement. That, however well it may be done, is merely performing a task that someone else has thought out and set. What the world needs are people who will do a bit more than that, who will do an extra bit—people who can add something to its store of riches, even if that something is only a new thought, the merest glimmerings of a new idea.

It needs people who will not only give devotion of thought, but devotion of effort, of courage, of faith, of hope, to everything they do. It needs courageous triers, just as much as it needs practical doers.

So many people start with good intentions! So many people get discouraged! So many people give up!

They should remember what Paul said: "Let us not be weary in well doing. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

If we do faint and fail to reap—whose fault is it?

in the WORLD

by The Dean of CANTERBURY
(Dr. Hewlett Johnson)

"The children suffered terribly." Famine-stricken Chinese lining up for the food brought by relief parties

"China's destiny is bound up with ours. The Far East is our concern"—The Dean of Canterbury

journey through Kansu to Tibet. Hazardous because there were no proper roads; often only tracks traversing deserts, ravines and river beds; hazardous, too, because of bandits, who almost got us more than once.

The ambush

One night they missed us by the merest shave. We were sleeping in a lonely inn yard on a high mountain track 7,000 feet up and thirty miles from any town. At 2 a.m. dogs began to bark fiercely, and horses galloped up. The men guarding our car outside the enclosure uttered loud cries and hammered at the gates.

After that—and it all happened in a very few moments—came the heavy report of a gun. Then retreating voices. Then silence.

Mounted bandits had surrounded the car. Another moment and they would have been upon us, when happily a farmer fired a gun and the bandits, suspecting an ambush—our car with its two flags may have had a military appearance—retired.

They proceeded to the next village, and spread devastation wherever they passed. They can be very brutal, these bandits. They hold the peasants over a slow fire if they suspect they have hidden any silver when a raid is on.

For us danger cropped up now and then; for the engineers and missionaries in these parts it is incessant. But still they carry on.

In Pekin, before our expedition started, Todd learned that the Luipan Pass camp had been looted with violence. Immediately, thinking of the workers, he said "We must sleep there," and we did, amidst the bullet marks of the recent attack, placing our cots low down and close to the mud walls for greater protection.

No bandits came that night, but before our return they had looted the camp afresh, and its custodian lay in hospital with wounds.

Close to the scene of our night adventure two lady missionaries worked, women much beloved of the Chinese. Three years ago they were robbed of their all and savagely slashed on the arm with swords.

When we arrived an attack was imminent, and the village gates were barricaded. The moment the chance of a clear road ahead appeared we escaped and begged them to come also in our truck.

They smilingly refused; the patient and peaceful Chinese villagers needed them. They stuck to their posts.

Horvath, a young engineer who travelled with us in that part, and Simpson, a missionary from Tibet, were both murdered close by, very shortly after our departure; and the other day I heard that my other companion has been murdered, too.

These missionaries and engineers are as courageous as they are efficient in the task of helping China in her present needs. Todd knows their value, and uses their services all along the line. Wherever we travelled the ablest missionary of that area accompanied us.

It is a mistake to make too much of banditry, which is not by any means universal in China. At the moment it is worse in Manchuria, and if Japan had spent a thousandth part of her war bill on beneficent road-building in Kansu that she spent on blowing up Chapei there would be less banditry in China today than there is, and the Chinese would know how to show their gratitude.

Japanese policy has definitely increased banditry by impoverishing the forces of law and order. Road-building as definitely lessens it by removing its economic causes and making police work easier.

Good roads and good government are China's primary need; and it was to study the problem of roads in connection with famine that I went to Tibet.

The journey was no picnic. We travelled in a motor-truck laden with poles, picks, planks and shovels, outfit for car and road repair, and bedding for ourselves.

Driving from dawn to dark, our speed would average six miles an hour, and our petrol consumption five miles to the gallon. Now we would be pulling the car with ropes through deep sand, and now rescuing her from a muddy ditch.

One night at 9 p.m. our petrol supply ran out. We were amidst lonely mountains, thirty miles east of Lanchow, where reserves were stored.

Dramatic contrast

We had been working since dawn, dog tired, but Todd and I walked that whole night through from 10 p.m., without food or drink, until we reached Lanchow at nine o'clock next morning, allowing ourselves only two half-hours for sleep upon the road. One knows by experience what ill communications in China mean.

Trunk roads enrich a neighbourhood and cheapen food. Grain dropped 10 per cent. the day the railway reached Tung Wan. And once on a stretch of new motor road we saw a man drawing a rickshaw loaded as heavily as the cart which two mules were drawing through the ruts of the ancient track. A dramatic contrast. The man moved easily. The beasts struggled and strained.

More dramatic still was the sight on the Luipan Pass, where the old track mounts up 10,000 feet. Two oxen and a donkey harnessed to our car just enabled us to reach the summit on bottom gear.

We halted in the mists while a long, weird train of camels passed us, and then the clouds swept by, and far above us on the mountain side, rising and falling in noble sweeps, were the curves of Todd's new graded road.

Where will it end?

For ages men have dreaded the Luipan Pass. They dread it no longer; henceforth motor-cars will speed along its ten-mile course without a change of gear. A barrier has been broken down, and at a cost of £3,000 of American gold — the Chinese paid the other half. Acts like this cause the American name to stand high in Kansu.

I left China, as most Englishmen do, with a great love for the Chinese. Industrious, humorous, courteous, they bear no likeness whatsoever to the film caricatures. Patient, too, beyond words.

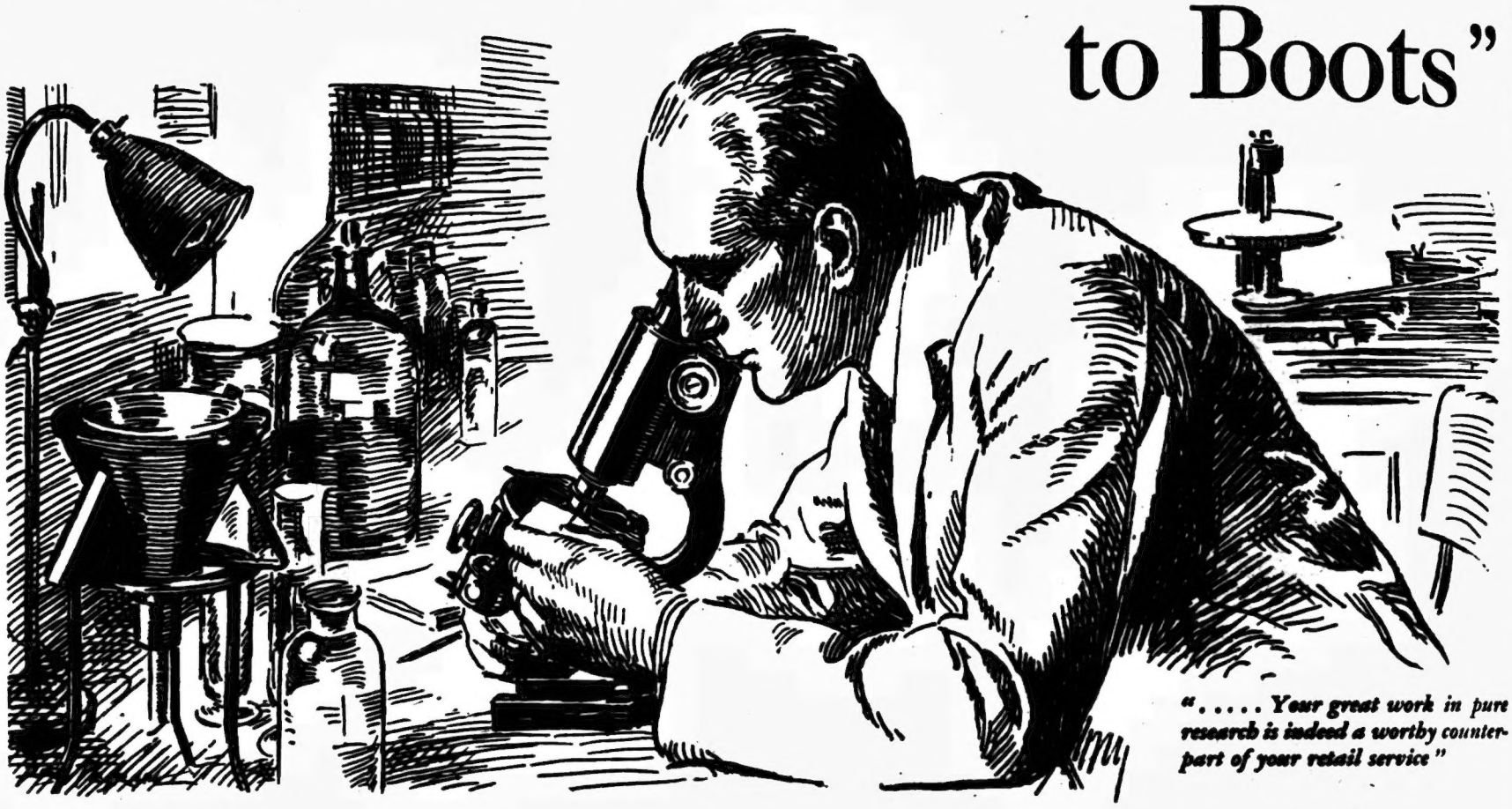
On my second night in China I sat at dinner with a Chinese gentleman, and we calmly discussed the Japanese situation and the bombardment of Chapei. Afterwards I learnt that he had come straight from the smoking ruins of the Commercial Press, the largest printing concern in the East; it was his life's work, and it had been deliberately destroyed in the bombardment.

China's destiny is bound up with ours. The Far East is our concern. What happens there reacts here.

Should, for example, Japan secede from the League of Nations, America will stand freed from the Washington agreement, and a new race in naval armaments would almost inevitably begin.

Where it would end no one knows.

"Why we send our patients to Boots"



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HANNEN SWAFFER'S

Open Letter to

DR. J. SCOTT LIDGETT

DEAR DOCTOR,—They say that you are to be a peer, that, for the first time in history, a Free Church minister is to be given a seat in the House of Lords, just like a bishop.

Although, for some reasons, I congratulate you, on the other hand Nonconformity has nothing in common with hereditary privilege. It will be a setback to progress.

Besides, the bishops sit there impersonally. If your becoming "my lord" had a logical result, it would mean that, every year, when Methodism had a new president, a new Nonconformist peerage would come into existence.

Well, things have changed.

I was brought up as an Anglican in the days when we were taught that chapel folk were beneath us, that they belonged to an inferior class.

The time came when I learned that often in the history of England, when the privileges of the people were being assailed, it was not the bishops of our Church who had defended them, but the people of the Free Churches I was brought up to look down upon.

John Clifford's fight against taxation for the teaching of religious beliefs obnoxious to him was a milestone on the road to liberty.

When I recently sat in the Albert Hall and saw you sign the Deed of Union, which made three great Nonconformist Churches into one, I saw around me thousands of men representing the great Puritan movement of this country.

I saw how Nonconformist ministers had changed since I was a boy. Then, from to-day's standpoint, they were narrow. To-day, their tolerance is taking an interest in a score of things that their forebears viewed with narrow minds. After the great meeting, I spoke to perhaps a dozen ministers whom I knew.

* * *

I meet them, slaving away in slum areas. They are men with modern minds. The proud and the rich may regard them as beneath notice. I look upon them with great respect, even if we only occasionally agree.

After all, John Wesley was one of the greatest of all Englishmen. He carried a burning fire into the darkest places.

You must have been a proud man when, in the sight of all of us, they handed you John Wesley's Bible, as a sign of your high office—the Bible that he carried up and down the land, preaching repentance at a time when the Anglican Church had fallen, for a time, into disrepute.

Your work now is a very difficult one. You are the head of a body which owns property worth between £60,000,000 and £80,000,000!

* * *

Fancy nearly all that being raised from the pennies of workpeople and the sixpences and shillings of small tradesmen!

You have now 20,000 chapels under you—small ones and big ones—all of which now are painting their noticeboards again, so that instead of three kinds of Methodist Churches, there is only one.

But what can you do harnessed to all this property? Why, you are like an archbishop now, with all these possessions to guard!

What the world to-day needs is not so many chapels and churches as one burning enthusiasm. Were a John Wesley to arise to-day and remind us that we were all sinners a new blaze of holy fire would light up the land.

He would not tell us, though, only about our own poor little miserable souls. He would make us start a great crusade against war. He would force us to attack slumdom. He would rouse us to defend the great social services which are being withheld under our eyes by a passing fit of selfishness and fear.

* * *

Some burning evangelist should arise to tell us that the Kingdom of Heaven should be started among us, here and now, in our own time, and that, in the words of William Blake, we should "build a new Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

You are an old man, Doctor—you are *seventy-eight*. You have served London well, in your time, on its County Council. You are deeply respected. You have worked among the poor.

Will you arise and tell us? Recently, you were the first Nonconformist preacher who ever preached in Westminster Abbey. Would that, in that proud pulpit, you had burst forth with some frank words about the selfish interests that stand in the way!

You spoke, a few weeks later, when you had just become the first President of the greatest Protestant Church in the world, to fifty humble people in a mission hall. So you have never lost the common touch.

Now is your great chance! Take it!

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
Buckingham Palace

YOUR MAJESTY,—Your reduction by twenty per cent. of the rent of several acres of land at Sandringham is a lead which, if widely followed, will do more than anything else to help the allotment movement.

This land, which is let to Sandringham Council, is used for allotments, and over sixty working men will benefit by the reduction. They will now pay only £1 an acre.

If land rents everywhere were proportionately reduced, agriculture would soon flourish again.

JOHN BULL.

The EARL OF CARNWATH,
Wedmore, Somerset

MY LORD,—The law under which you were fined £3 for employing two menservants without licences is certainly obsolete.

You would be just as well served by women, but you preferred to engage two unemployed ex-Service men, and got them through their county association.

As you say, there's no reason why a householder should be taxed for "a pair of trousers and not for a petticoat."

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—One of your first duties as Minister of Agriculture should be the protection of farmers against swindling manufacturers of feeding stuffs and fertilisers.

The county analyst of Angus, Scotland, reports that 102 out of 171 samples submitted to him were deficient of the necessary ingredients.

And yet the farmers are helpless against such roguery, because of a loophole in the law.

One branch of the National Farmers' Union will shortly urge you to take action in the matter. I hope you will agree.

JOHN BULL.

Sir EDWARD ILIFFE: So you have bet Lord Trent 5s. that income-tax will be reduced next April. I hope you win. —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir HENRY BETTERTON,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—The Government's attitude to the Italian proposal for an international 40-hour week to help employment has caused bad feeling abroad.

There may be difficulties in the way. But your delegate to Geneva should have tempered his opposition by expressing more sympathy with the scheme.

With thirty million workless in the world it is high time some concerted move was made to deal with this grave problem.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor BARNEY NORTON,
Dudley Corporation

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I share your indignation at your council's inhuman treatment of a tenant who was too late to pay off his arrears of rent on the night that the books were closed.

Next day the town clerk refused to accept the money that he had raised by desperate sacrifices, and the man, his wife and their seven children were turned into the streets.

What a damnable example of the new landlordism I have so frequently exposed!

JOHN BULL.

HORACE HOLDSWORTH,
Deighton, Huddersfield

DEAR HORACE,—When a man's jacket fell off a motor wagon near a canal you took his wallet from the pocket because, you said, you thought the man had drowned himself.

The magistrate gave you the benefit of the doubt and discharged you.

But I hope you take his advice and next time, when you think that someone has drowned himself, don't go through his pockets, but see if you can't pull him out.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. W. POTTER: "The spirit of Florence Nightingale," you say, predicts terrible plague in Britain during next few weeks. Happily, prophets are nearly always wrong.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY LORAINE,
Hampton Court, Middlesex

DEAR SIR,—I don't know whether you dived into the Thames through a pane of plate-glass for gain or fame—or both.

Neither do I know why you had a photographer present to snap you in the act of making a fool of yourself.

But I know that, though you were injured, you need not expect sympathy from me or anybody else.

JOHN BULL.

Miss K. L. BORNE,
Papworth Village Settlement

DEAR MATRON,—The tuberculous war veterans in your charge have found a splendid way to show gratitude to their nurses.

They have designed and built a beautiful Dower House for nurses enfeebled in health through strenuous duty in the wards.

You must be a proud and happy woman, living in such an atmosphere of mutual service.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY WEALE, V.C.
Rhyl

DEAR HARRY,—You left your wife to the care of the parish, and not even your plea that you had fallen on bad times can alter that fact.

When they gave you fourteen days to pay arrears of maintenance you promised to do your best and expressed the hope that you would be able to "make it up" with your wife.

Well, that's more like your old spirit. Good luck to you.

JOHN BULL.

MARK ALLINSON,
Armsthorpe, near Doncaster

ALLINSON,—When you were sent to prison for three months for neglecting your five children, your wife said you spent on drink some of the £19 collected by the villagers on the death of your young son.

You call yourself a miner. I can imagine what your workmates call you.

JOHN BULL.

HENRY SOWDEN,
Kenton Lane, Windsor

BRUTE,—Thirty-four previous convictions were proved against you, and you proudly boasted that you had eighteen children.

One of them, a girl of eight, you flogged mercilessly with the buckle end of your belt, and you threatened to break all their heads if you were sent to jail as a result.

Well, you have gone to jail—for six months. And that's not long enough.

JOHN BULL.

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RAMSAY'S Future

by A. G. GARDINER

White heather for the Premier when the National Party was born. But will his luck still hold?

WHEN Mr. MacDonald meets Parliament in a few days' time he will have entered upon another phase of his extraordinary career.

What Bradman is among batsmen, or Bobby Jones among golfers, he is among politicians. He is breaking all the records. Even Mr. Lloyd George must be watching him, if not with envy, at least with a "wild surmise."

His transition from the outcast of society and the chief enemy, in the popular mind, of his country during the war to the position of first Minister of the Crown and the head of the first Socialist Government was alone a drama without parallel in our history.

He capped that achievement a year ago by becoming the head of a National Government—national in all respects except that it was disowned by the Party he had created and which had brought him to power.

To-day he is the head of what in effect is a Conservative Government. The resignation of Lord Snowden and the Samuel Liberal Free Traders leaves him without any electoral anchorage in the country apart from what he derives from the Conservative Party.

Labour has broken with him finally. It is doubtful whether any nominee of his could carry any distinctively Labour seat, or whether he himself could repeat the personal *tour de force* with which he swept Seaham last autumn.

And organised Liberalism has broken with him no less than Labour. Powerful Liberal personalities like Mr. Runciman and Sir John Simon still figure in his Cabinet; but the Liberal caucus has repudiated them, and in so far as there is an organised Liberal Party it is behind Sir Herbert Samuel and the group of Ministers which has now gone out of the Government on the Protectionist issue.

What happened on the Home Rule split in 1886 has happened now.

The Liberal Unionists who then threw in their lot with the Conservatives were never reconciled to their old Party. They never went back. And the Simon Liberals will never go back.

Good or bad?

Look at it how you will, cover it with what disguise you like, the fact remains that when Mr. MacDonald meets Parliament on October 18 he will meet it as the Prime Minister of a Conservative Government.

Whether that is a good thing or a bad thing I am not concerned with here. Personally, I regret the fact, and still more I regret the fiscal policy which has brought the fact about.

But the question is whether Mr. MacDonald himself can survive the shock of last week. Not the wildest imagination a dozen years ago could have conceived it possible that Mr. MacDonald would ever be in the position he is in to-day; that he, who seemed to embody all the advanced ideas of Socialism, would find himself divorced from Labour and at the head of a Conservative Ministry.

And though the thing has come about it seems too fantastic to last. It is pretty widely assumed that he has reached the end of his tether and that he will have to follow Lord Snowden into retirement.

That is not the opinion of those who know this remarkable man best. They think he will sit tight and see this Government out. They think this for two reasons.

In the first place, the Conservatives are more than content that he should stay. They are conscious of the value of the "National" label, and the more dim the label becomes the more they are attached to it.

The loss of his Liberal and Labour colleagues increases his value. By a curious paradox, the more dependent Mr. MacDonald becomes upon the Conservatives the more they become dependent on him. His importance as a non-Party figure-head is enhanced rather than diminished by the defection of his Liberal and Labour supporters.

Final break

The other consideration is that Mr. MacDonald has no disposition himself to go. His heart is in public affairs, and outside his present position he has no career in politics. His separation from Labour is final, and he cannot join any other tabernacle, either Conservative or Liberal.

Moreover, he is probably happier in his present surroundings than he has ever been. He was never, I think, a doctrinaire Socialist, and he chafed under the severe restrictions imposed on him by the Labour organisation. Especially, as a believer in Parliamentary government, he resented the authority which the trade union executives exercised over Ministerial action.

Though a democrat in theory, he is much of an autocrat in spirit, and his relation with his Party machine had long been showing signs of strain and discomfort.

And there is another fact which will hold Mr. MacDonald in his place, no matter who goes. He has a colossal belief in himself—something of that tremendous egotism which made the elder Pitt say, "I can save this country and no one else can."

This conviction that he is the indispensable man in a time of extreme peril is a great asset. It is like the august voice of Duty bidding him stand at the helm no matter what goes on in the machine room below. It enables him to turn a blind eye to issues intervention in which would make his retention of the helm impossible.

Thus, the Government of which he is the titular head has changed the whole fiscal policy of this country without, so far as I can recall, a word of comment from Mr. MacDonald.

No one can say to this hour whether he is a Protectionist or a Free Trader, or whether his mind is simply a blank on that great issue. His eye, he seems to say, ranges over vaster horizons than those visible to the Snowdens and Samuels of this world, and his mind is concerned with higher things than tariffs or no tariffs.

And so, without any outrage to his conscience, he finds it his duty to remain in nominal charge of the ship even though the flag at the masthead has become the Jolly Roger, and the port of destination has been changed behind his back.

Perhaps he is right to stay on. I am disposed to think he is.

But if he stays on he ought to stay as an effective Prime Minister and not as a mask behind which a mere Party policy is implemented. He must declare himself on the great issue that has brought about the disruption of his Cabinet and the loss of those elements which made it national.

Will he lead?

And he must show, above all, that on the vital question of foreign policy he has the dominating voice.

It is here that the failure of the National Government has been most open and palpable. In Manchuria, at the Disarmament Conference, in our relations with America, there has been a record of ineptitude that is hardly paralleled in our history.

With the resumed Disarmament Conference imminent, the issue of Manchuria reaching its crisis and the World Economic Conference about to meet, the whole future of the world is in the melting-pot.

There was never a moment when a great lead from this country was so urgent. If Mr. MacDonald will give that lead—and I believe he can, for he is a good European and an enlightened Foreign Minister—he will earn the thanks of all and a cheer even from "the ranks of Tuscany" in Eccleston Square.

Not from the B.B.C.—Renee Jouve, Beauty Queen of Paris, on

The Boredom of Beauty

OH, you girls, with envy burning,
Who experience a yearning
To attain my high position—
take my tip and do not strive!
For a chosen Queen of Beauty
Is continu'ly on duty,
And when I have done my duty it's a wonder I'm alive.

Rising early in the morning,
I must set about adorning
My hair and lips and eyebrows for the business of the day;
If I wish to keep my figure
I must exercise with vigour;
And I strenuously labour at the task of seeming gay.

When my dresses I'm not changing,
I am hard at work arranging
My features to the semblance of a fascinating grin;
While the cameras get busy,
I wish sometimes, dazed and dizzy,
I'd been born a snub-nosed damsel with a threatened double chin!

Oh, girls, if only I were jeest a leetle less bootiful! But, *helas!* frankness compels me to admit that I am not.

It is because I am so lofely that I 'ave to lead a so exacting life. As I tell your *rapporteurs*, eet not ees all jam being a Booty Queen.

Some people think that being bootiful is what you call ze soft snapshot; that Nature does all ze work an' I 'ave only to sit on my throne an' receive ze 'omage of my subjects. Believe eet not, *mes amies!*

Nature, of course, 'as 'elped me to be lofely, but Art 'elps more. You 'ave a *proverbe anglais*, "Booty is but skin-deep," but some of mine—I let you into ze secret—not ees so deep as that.

My make-up I change several times a day, an' I leave 'im on when I go to bed. 'Ere in London I spend my days 'aving my 'air waved at an *exposition*, until at times I get to 'ate my 'air.

An' every day all sorts of things 'ave to be done to my eyebrows, eyelashes, lips, hair, teeth, an' nails. Between getting up an' getting into my morning frock I undergo twenty operations lasting two hours, an' without ze—what you call eet?—without ze anaesthetic.

After thees I 'ave to go into ze world wearing ze smile that comes not off. To smile always—*c'est très difficile*; especially when one remembers that ze Continental Booty Queen stays not for ever in ze (beauty) parlour eating lots of 'oney an' like other monarchs European, often 'as an un'appy feenish.

* * *

Meanwhile I try to look on ze bright side, in case my smile go on strike. For always I must my teeth show like ze tiger. Eet ees one of ze dooties of my so 'igh position

It's nice to be a Beauty Queen
And sit upon a throne;
To see the things that I have seen,
And own the things I own.
My mirror tells me I am fair,
The Press repeats my praise;
But caution whispers: "Hush! Beware!
Where are they, tell me—where, oh, where,
Those Queens of other days?"

"Miss Paris" for the moment reigns,
A nine-days' wonder she;
To-morrow, though, another gains—
"Miss Berlin-on-the-Spree"
Is for the role of monarch cast,
Or some fair Turk or Jap.
But, when her little boom is past,
How will they name her at the last—
"Miss Fortune" or "Miss Hap"?

Daily Herald

£7,500 Free

FILM CONTEST

George Arliss

John Barrymore

Lionel Barrymore

Wallace Beery

Constance Bennett

Clive Brook

Jack Buchanan

Ruth Chatterton

Ronald Colman

Gary Cooper

Joan Crawford

Maurice Chevalier

Marlene Dietrich

Marie Dressler

Gracie Fields

Leslie Fuller

Clark Gable

Greta Garbo

Janet Gaynor

Ann Harding

Jack Hulbert

Ralph Lynn

Jeanette MacDonald

Robert Montgomery

Tom Mix

Norma Shearer

Gloria Swanson

Tom Walls

SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS FREE—waiting to be won!

The "Daily Herald" to-day offers a wonderful opportunity to every "John Bull" reader—to enter its stupendous new Film Contest, and to win the world's record free cash prize of £7,500!

Open-to-all, Free-for-all, Fair-for-all, and with a mammoth cash prize that **must be won**, this contest is the most thrilling pastime of the year.

Select the 12 greatest film stars from the 28 whose names are given in this contest. No order of merit is required. Your skill and judgment may win you the magnificent award of £7,500—the largest free cash prize ever offered by a British Newspaper to its readers in a contest of this kind!

On the right is your free Entry Form. Seize this great opportunity to win a fortune! But don't be content with only this one attempt to make this colossal prize yours. Further Entry Forms appear in the "Daily Herald" every day. The more entries you send, the greater your opportunity of winning this mammoth prize. Make sure of your copy of the "Daily Herald" every day by giving your newsagent a standing order. Use this free entry NOW! Go in and win!

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Entry Form must be filled in as directed (in person) by the entrant in ink, and must not be mutilated or altered. **Twelve crosses only must be written in the spaces provided.**
2. Entrant's name and usual address must be written as directed on all Entry Forms **AND ON OUTSIDE OF FLAP OF ENVELOPE.**
3. The entrant must enclose all his attempts in one envelope, which must be sealed, bear the correct postage and be sent through the post, addressed

Film Star Contest,
"Daily Herald,"
67, Fleet Street,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Entries delivered by hand will not be accepted.
Each envelope must contain entries from one entrant only.
No entrant may send in more than one Entry Form per issue.
4. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. No responsibility is accepted for forms or claims lost, delayed or mislaid in transit or after delivery. No correspondence will be entered into.
5. After the close of this contest the list of 28 Famous Film Stars will be submitted to a committee of experts, who will decide upon the twelve greatest. The competitor whose twelve selections on any one Form agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the prize.
6. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided. If the prize is divided the additional prize of £2,500 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £2,500 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.
7. Competitors must keep accurate copies of their entries, so that when the decision of the experts is announced in the "Daily Herald" they may be in a position to send in a claim for a prize in accordance with the simple directions which will then be given. (Copies may be kept by keeping a note of the "key" numbers of the names against which your crosses have been placed. "Key" numbers will be found in the left-hand column of Entry Form.)
8. The Competition Editor of the "Daily Herald" reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.
9. Employees of the "Daily Herald" and its associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.
10. Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.
11. The closing date of this contest will be announced in the "Daily Herald."

Entry Form No. J.1

£7,500 FREE

£5,000 Must be Won. An Extra £2,500 for the winner, making £7,500 in all, if he or she is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

Choose the 12 greatest Film Stars from the list of 28 given below by placing a Cross (X) against those selected in the blank spaces on the right. [illegible] TWELVE CROSSES ONLY OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. NO ORDER OF MERIT REQUIRED. [illegible] must be used.

1	George Arliss	
2	John Barrymore	
3	Lionel Barrymore	
4	Wallace Beery	
5	Constance Bennett	
6	Clive Brook	
7	Jack Buchanan	
8	Ruth Chatterton	
9	Ronald Colman	
10	Gary Cooper	
11	Joan Crawford	
12	Maurice Chevalier	
13	Marlene Dietrich	
14	Marie Dressler	
15	Gracie Fields	
16	Leslie Fuller	
17	Clark Gable	
18	Greta Garbo	
19	Janet Gaynor	
20	Ann Harding	
21	Jack Hulbert	
22	Ralph Lynn	
23	Jeanette MacDonald	
24	Robert Montgomery	
25	Tom Mix	
26	Norma Shearer	
27	Gloria Swanson	
28	Tom Walls	

COMPLETE IN INK. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED.....

BLOCK LETTERS ADDRESS .....

.....

State if Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald"—Yes or No.....

SAVE YOUR ENTRY FORMS UNTIL CLOSE OF CONTEST—then send in all together in same envelope. You must write your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE FLAP OF YOUR ENVELOPE. KEEP AN ACCURATE COPY OF YOUR ENTRIES. FURTHER ENTRY FORMS APPEAR DAILY IN THE "DAILY HERALD."

J.1

FURTHER ENTRY FORMS APPEAR DAILY in the "DAILY HERALD."

I SMASH a £100,000 GANG

[Ufa photo

John Marsden Firth bedecked in his yachting kit. For the next five years he will be much less impressively attired. And Monte Carlo where he tried to win enough to stave off his creditors

by **SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS**

THE sentence of five years' penal servitude just passed upon John Marsden Firth, Richard De Castro and Charles Herbert Holdaway, at the Central Criminal Court, affords me considerable satisfaction.

I can claim to have played no small part in smashing up the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd., in which these three rogues were the leading lights, and this week I propose to take my readers still farther behind the scenes of the colossal frauds for which they were responsible.

At the same time, I hope to offer some useful hints to the authorities with a view of making such frauds less easy of performance in the future.

Investors who have lost money in the £100,000 Economic Investment Corporation are to be found in all parts of the country.

Inner story

Had they been readers of JOHN BULL they might have saved their money, for I was able to expose this fraud at its inception, and have, in fact, received many grateful letters from correspondents who say that my warning certainly saved them.

The inner story of the rise and fall of this Corporation, which I now propose to reveal, yields a forceful illustration of the effrontery with which known rogues are able to launch a swindle in the very heart of the City of London.

Even if the police are aware of the operations, little can be done in the absence of complaints from victims who, in most cases, are very reluctant to admit their folly.

The Director of Public Prosecutions, too, with countless affairs claiming his attention, cannot afford to take action unless he can be sure that it will definitely secure the conviction of the offenders.

Jail plot

That was virtually the position when the Economic Finance Corporation was launched.

It was a foregone conclusion that a great many people would be swindled; but until they were actually swindled and could be prevailed upon to lodge complaints the authorities could do nothing.

It is in cases like this that publicity alone can be of value, and that is why I devoted considerable space to a full exposure of this particular scheme, naming the rogues behind the scenes and showing how their plot had actually been hatched in jail.

It is rather significant that Richard De Castro was referred to in the recent proceedings as a "mystery man." This is precisely the term I applied to him fifteen months ago when I named him and declared that though his name did not figure in the Corporation's literature he was in active control behind the scenes.

Yet, after my exposure, through which thousands of potential investors were saved from victimisation, De Castro had the impudence to issue a writ against me, alleging that I had libelled him and swearing that he had no connection with this venture!

When the Economic Finance Corporation first came into being in October, 1930, its directors were registered as being Alfred George Clinton and Frank Ray Hilton.

Both were penniless pawns, working under the direct instructions of Holdaway, who passed as "Herbert Thurgood."

Holdaway was once a Scotland Yard detective, but was dismissed the force for offences I need not recite here, and who later developed some skill in the compilation of attractive financial brochures and prospectuses.

He had excellent reasons for keeping his name off the official register of the Corporation at its inception, as he had just completed his sixth sentence for frauds in Pentonville Prison.

That is why Clinton and Hilton were put up as dummies, while Holdaway contented himself with preparing the very impressive literature for the Corporation.

Hidden rogues

Its aims consisted of raising money from the public for the ostensible purpose of financing sound business undertakings, and, of course, handsome profits were offered as bait.

No one could invest more than £500. That is to say, the opportunity must be regarded as an exclusive privilege.

But though Holdaway played such an important part in this scheme he was, in his turn, only one of the main group of conspirators.

Over him was a rogue with many names, including Firth and Crawley. He had made Holdaway's acquaintance in jail, and could boast five convictions for frauds involving huge sums of money.

Finally, in the background, there was De Castro, who was simultaneously conducting a farming company in Sussex. An expert accountant, he reserved to himself the task of faking the Corporation's books of account.

As a typical instance of their frauds, I may cite the experience of a victim living in Kent.

Inducement

This client was attracted in the first place by modest invitations to participate in £5 investments.

At first handsome dividends were paid, though he had no suspicion that this was merely to induce him to plunge more heavily.

The next step was a personal visit from one of the Corporation's army of expert salesman—an individual with a convincing tongue.

The client was told that two big deals were being contemplated—one a £40,000 timber transaction in the Baltic; the other an £85,000 Brazilian coffee estate investment.

The victim agreed to put up one sum of £500 on the confident assurance that a 20 per cent. profit was certain; and later, with the same expectation, a further £500.

But there was now no prompt payment of dividends as had been the case where £5 transactions had been involved.

Though he did not know it, the timber and coffee transactions were purely imaginary, and his money went into the pockets of the rogues behind the scenes.

He is one of a pathetic army of victims comprised of widows, clergymen, doctors and retired naval and military officers, who within two months were fleeced of £65,000.

In the initial stages, when my exposure brought me a concrete complaint from a Hove woman, I promptly passed the particulars to the police. But with diabolical cleverness the Corporation crooks started refunding this victim's money by instalments.

Muzzling attempt

But they couldn't go on doing this, and it was not long before my exposure resulted in a deluge of demands for refunds which moved the rogues to panic.

De Castro, as I say, issued a writ, doubtless with intent to muzzle me; Firth telephoned, threatening action, but evidently thought better of it. Hilton and Clinton, the miserable pawns, disappeared.

Now complaints began to pour into Scotland Yard, which is exactly what I had hoped would happen, and De Castro and Firth lost their heads.

Firth had already bought a yacht and a racing stud with his share of the spoils, but now both started gambling heavily at Monte Carlo in the hope of raising sufficient money with which to stave off pressing clients.

Meanwhile, complaints aggregating £88,700 actually reached the police, and the gang was promptly rounded up. Seven men were arrested, *five being rogues I had actually named at the very outset!* And these five are now in jail.

This is a satisfactory conclusion to the campaign I directed against this particular swindle. But before I dismiss the subject I should like to stress the lessons which are to be learned from it.

Although only recently amended, the Company Law is still shamefully lax when it permits known rogues to register a limited company.

Firth, alias Crawley, is a much-convicted rogue, notorious for numerous big company frauds, and an undischarged bankrupt. De Castro, Holdaway, Hilton and Clinton all have police records.

The moral

Yet they were able to launch the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd., without any obstacles being placed in their way.

They were not called upon to produce any evidence of their integrity or past financial records. Even the dummy directors lodged addresses which were only temporary.

Now, a high-sounding title of a registered limited liability company is a powerful weapon in the hands of rogues like these. Yet it should not be impossible to baulk them at the outset.

Consider Firth's case. A dozen disastrous ventures can be traced to him.

In one he deliberately made a bonfire of all the books before disappearing, and later swore to the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy that they had been stolen!

No one could possibly believe that such a man could have any legitimate reason for launching a big financial company.

The most stringent questions should be asked before any new company is registered, and it should be definitely established whether the registered directors are acting as nominees for others.

And if satisfactory evidence of stability is not forthcoming the registration should be refused.

Until there is a drastic tightening up of the regulations in this respect frauds of the magnitude of the one here dealt with will inevitably continue. But I shall never cease to direct publicity to schemes that I consider in any way dubious.

FREE BATH'S NEW ILLUSTRATED LIST OF BUILDING BARGAINS

Sound Seasoned Timber, the finest craftsmanship allied with practical design and amazing low prices, make Bath's Buildings the greatest value ever known.

25% TO 50% BELOW USUAL PRICES

GARDEN FRAMES from 15/-

Suitable for Plants, Seeds, Cuttings, Etc.

Height at front, 12in., and at back, 18in. Made of 1in. well-seasoned yellow deal, with necessary runners for the lights, which are 2in. thick, complete with best horticultural glass for glazing.

Size.	Usual Price.	Red'd Price.
1 Light Frame 4 x 3 ft.	£1 7 6	£0 15 0
1 " " 6 x 4 ft.	2 2 0	1 5 0
2 " " 6 x 4 ft.	2 15 0	1 7 6
2 " " 8 x 6 ft.	3 12 6	2 5 0
3 Light Frame, 12 x 6 ft.	£5 7 6	£3 5 0
4 " " 16 x 6 ft.	7 15 0	4 5 0
5 " " 20 x 6 ft.	9 0 0	5 5 0
6 " " 24 x 6 ft.	10 15 0	6 5 0

STRAND GREENHOUSES from £7/6.

Substantially constructed, everything complete. Best horticultural glass and sufficient paint for one coat after erection. Whole of sides and ends glazed.

7ft. x 5ft.	£3 17 6
9ft. x 6ft.	4 5 0
10ft. x 7ft.	5 5 0
12ft. x 8ft.	6 5 0
14ft. x 9ft.	8 5 0

paint for 1 coat after erection.

THE GEM FORCING HOUSE from £5/-.

Substantially constructed, everything complete, best horticultural glass and sufficient paint for one coat after erection. Whole of sides and ends and 2ft.6ins. ends boarded.

L. ft.	W ft.	Mid ft.	Reduced Price.
7	5	7	£3 10 0
8	6	7	4 0 0
9	6	7	4 5 0
10	7	7½	4 15 0
12	8	8	5 17 6
15	9	8	6 10 0

THE MARVEL HUT.

Constructed in sections. Simply screw together. Extra strong framework. Roof felted all over.

4ft. x 4ft.x6in.ft.	£2 0 0	
4ft. x 4ft.x6in.ft.	1 5 0	
6ft. x 4ft.x6in.ft.	1 10 0	
7ft. x 5ft.x7ft.	2 10 0	
9ft. x 6ft.x7ft.	3 7 6	
10ft. x 6ft.x7ft.	3 17 6	

THE CHAMPION HUT

In complete sections—simply screw together. Extra strong framework. Complete with felt roof.

6ft.x4ft.x6in.ft.	£1 17 6
7ft.x5ft.x6in.ft.	2 17 6
9ft.x6ft.x7ft.	3 15 0
10ft.x7ft.x7ft.	4 5 0
12ft.x8ft.x7ft.	5 15 0

For other designs see list.

POULTRY HOUSES.

Constructed of ½in. planed, rebated and moulded weatherboards on strong frame in sections. Fitted with sliding shutter over best galvanised wire netting. Attendant's door with necessary fittings. Screws are provided for easy erection. Roof of ½in. planed, rebated and moulded weatherboards, making all waterproof.

The BEATALL from 15/- with Sliding Glass Panel

The Beatall Lgth.	Width.	Ht.	Reduced Price.
5ft.	3ft.	4ft.	15 0
6ft.	4ft.	4ft.	19 6

Floors extra 4/- and 5/-.

The SAVOY from 22/6 with Sliding Shutter

The Savoy Lgth.	Width.	Ht.	Reduced Price.
6ft.	4ft.	4ft.6in.	£1 2 6
7ft.	5ft.	4½ft.	1 15 0
9ft.	6ft.	5ft.6in.	2 10 0

Floors, extra, 5/-, 6/-, 10/6

SAVOY MOTOR HOUSES from £5 2 6

Constructed of ½in. Planed Rebated and Moulded Weatherboards on strong frame. Complete with strong doors, windows, nuts and bolts, roof, strong rafters and principals where necessary, with boards and good felt to cover same.

L.	W.	H.	Reduced Price.
10ft.	7ft.	7ft.	£5 2 6
10	7	8	6 0 0
12	8	7	6 15 0
12	8	8½	8 0 0

New Two-Roomed BUNGALOWS

Suitable for Dwellings, Cricket or Tennis Pavilions, Offices, Shops, Stores and numerous other purposes

L.	W.	H.	Red'd Price
15	9	8½	£8 15 0
20	10	11	15 0 0

COMPLETE IN 12 SECTIONS—21ft. long, 10ft. wide 8ft. high in front, 6 ft. high at back.
USUAL PRICE £23 15 0.
Reduced Price £16 7 6 each.
All Goods on Rail ex Works.

IMPROVED HOT AIR HYGIENIC APPARATUS.

For burning Paraffin Oil without smoke or smell. Will keep a greenhouse from 15 deg. to 40 deg. above outside temperature, 22 x 30 x 8 will heat house 12 ft. x 8 ft., consumes 1½ pts. of oil in 10 hours. 24 x 30 x 8 will heat house 8 ft. x 6 ft., consumes 1 pt. of oil in 10 hours.

	Usual Price.	Reduced Price.
No. 1	£1 5 0	£1 1 0
No. 2 (3 burners)	1 17 6	1 15 6

T. BATH & Co., Ltd. 5, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, Works: 41, Norwood Rd. & 163, Peckham Rye, S.E. LONDON, W.C.

Both Wanted Him

But Only One Could Win

He chose the woman whose skin was white, soft and smooth—the kind of skin all men love and admire. Any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin, simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon Skinfood, White Colour (non-greasy). This now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away, whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Keeps the driest skin fresh and delicately moist but not greasy. Equally adapted to oily skin.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning. If your skin is wrinkled and aged-looking, you should also use Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour, at night. It nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a De-luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422F), Chase Road, London, N.W.10

FUR COLLAR BARGAIN

This Natural Australian Opossum Collar is in a lovely shade of Grey. Exquisitely soft and modelled in the fashionable Bolster style. Beautifully lined & ready for fitting to coat. Size 15 x 7in. Price 20/6 Terms: 4/- per month. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Coats, Ties, Wraps, &c. Keenest Prices and Easy Terms.

4/- now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

3 Helpful Furnishing Suggestions

Turn to pages 12, 23 and 27 and fill in the coupons for free catalogues showing how your furnishing problems can be solved—easily!

. . Beware!

THE smoke is curling up the chimney again. A fire glows in the grate. Sparks chase one another. The wood crackles, the coal settles down. The family draws near to the kindly blaze. It's nice to have fires again!

But the moment we light the fires in preparation for the winter, the danger of another sort of fire is increased one hundredfold.

Unless we exercise unceasing vigilance, those sparks will not always fly safely up the chimney. A stray one from a smouldering fire may light on the rug in the dead of night and start a conflagration. That little home on which you have lavished so much care and expense may become but a charred heap.

Have you reckoned the frightful cost if fire should visit your home? Could you look to JOHN BULL to repair the damage to your precious belongings?

The ONLY Paper.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay benefits on account of Fire, just as it is the *only* paper to safeguard readers against the consequences of Storm, Flood and Sickness.

Over £3,000 cheques have now been paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance scheme, proof of its practical value.

Danger days are here—fill up the forms below now.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you FREE

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8.10.32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8.10.32

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send two coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib; Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 37, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

An Ugly BEAUTY Parlour

A peep into a beauty parlour. Some of Mrs. Denty-Murray's pupils want to do this sort of work—but she doesn't give them a chance!

"A CAREER for our daughters" is the attractive title gracing some of the literature circulated by the Grecian Salons and Denty-Murray Training Centre, of Brook Street, Mayfair.

It stresses the seriousness of the problem of finding a suitable career for young girls and paints a gloomy picture of overcrowded occupations.

"The most successful," the leaflet continues, "are girls trained in hairdressing, beauty culture and physical culture, for undoubtedly the opportunities offered for assistants with any of these accomplishments are wonderful."

The fees for this instruction, we are told, are moderate. Furthermore, it is claimed that the diploma issued to students when leaving this Institute is acknowledged throughout the world as a hall-mark of a qualified and highly-accomplished assistant.

It is run by Isabel Denty-Murray, who claims South American origin and is variously described on the judgment summonses piled up against her as "a widow," "a spinster," and a "married woman."

The "moderate fees" range from five to one hundred guineas.

It looked good

From time to time Isabel Denty-Murray inserts a carefully-worded advertisement in the daily Press, which usually runs:

> "VACANCY for Lady to train for post in exclusive Beauty Salons; references."

Replies to this advertisement are followed up with a form letter, which states that she very much regrets that her new prospectuses are not yet to hand, but that she is enclosing an abbreviated list of the subjects taught.

For an abbreviated list it is fairly comprehensive and includes scientific facial massage (five methods), all, we suppose, equally scientific; neck and arm massage; make-up, masks, etc.; removal of superfluous hair (two methods); anatomy, physiology, hygiene (preliminary); care of the hands; all branches of preliminary hairdressing, including permanent waving; physical culture and beauty exercises; chiropody and talks on deportment; salesmanship and reception work.

When proficient, students will be found jobs.

All these subjects, including "hygiene (preliminary)," are taught by a staff of experts.

From all this it would appear that the student who obtains this one hundred guineas course for five guineas is getting a bargain.

In point of fact, the term "bargain" could hardly be applied to any monetary dealings with Isabel Denty-Murray.

The experiences of one young girl is typical of many.

This young lady was attracted by one of the advertisements of the Grecian Salons.

In her preliminary interview Isabel Denty-Murray offered her a partnership in the business for £650. When she found that the applicant did not have the sum she offered her a course of tuition for £26 which was eventually reduced to ten guineas.

This sum the girl borrowed from a friend and started on the course of training.

Instead of the staff of experts, she found that she had to depend for her instruction chiefly on people who, like herself, were paying pupils.

During her time at the Grecian Salons the place was continually haunted by creditors, debt collectors and bailiffs.

This young lady is now out of work and practically on the verge of starvation, Isabel Denty-Murray having failed to fulfil her specific promise to obtain her a job.

Another young lady who paid a fee of twenty-five guineas spent several months in the salons.

During her time there the place was run largely by the paying pupils. Many of these got so little training that they left without ever having even assisted in waving or tinting a single hair.

There was no one to teach chiropody and no lessons were given in the making of creams and other preparations.

This girl left without having received adequate training and in her case also no provision was made for getting her a job.

The Grecian Salons, as is seen from the various judgments and the constant streams of creditors, is continually in financial difficulties, and this despite the fact that in the past three months about fifteen pupils have paid for instruction. None of these girls paid less than 10 guineas and one paid 100 guineas.

Yet another girl paid a big premium for tuition on the definite understanding that at the end of three months she would be employed in the salons at a certain salary.

She was immediately made to do other work and got little time to take advantage of such instruction as was available. At the expiration of the three months she was given only half the salary previously agreed on and found herself without proper training in any branch of the course she was supposed to have undertaken.

Now and then some of the pupils are given posts in salons, and occasionally others have afterwards found jobs for themselves.

In several cases, where they have been particularly insistent, the assistants have been given cheques which have been dishonoured.

Dubious partnerships

Although the place has recently been in the hands of the bailiffs several times, Isabel Denty-Murray is still receiving pupils, and within the past month girls have paid her fees ranging from forty-five to sixty guineas.

But these "moderate fees" from her pupils are not the only method of raising money adopted by this Beauty Specialist.

She occasionally takes unto herself a partner. The partnerships are offered on the same basis as the "moderate fees," Isabel Denty-Murray being content to take what she can get.

One lady paid her £250 for a share in the business. On top of this she expended another £50 to complete the furnishing of the room she occupied in the establishment, although the original agreement specified that it should be properly furnished and equipped.

Rent unpaid

The agreement also provided that she was to draw out of profits £5 a week. She has never been able to collect this sum nor has the rent or the rates been met.

Another lady who also was induced to enter into a partnership complains of a loss of £400 on the transaction, while a man who put up £200 was eventually forced to sever his connection with the affair, suffering heavy financial loss.

Despite these facts, Isabel Denty-Murray is still seeking partners, or alternatively to sell the business as a going concern, although it is beset with angry creditors and the bailiffs are again threatening to move in.

And she at present holds three L.C.C. licences—two for her massage and beauty establishments and one for an employment agency!

We invite the attention of the London County Council to her methods, and suggest that it consider very seriously whether such a concern should be allowed to continue operations under its licence.

HOMELY WISDOM—By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

ALONE in the WORLD

THE numerous confidences I have received of late from persons who are strangers to me have nearly all been marked by one thing, depression of spirit caused by a sense of loneliness and isolation.

One reader of JOHN BULL, who writes from the hill country in India, tells me that he is the only resident white man amid a large native population in an area larger than Sussex, and at times he feels that he cannot stand it any longer and must throw up his job and come home.

Then there are young people of both sexes, accustomed to the kindly atmosphere of a good home, who find themselves without friends in a big city and without money enough to be able to meet and mingle socially with persons of their own age.

* * *

Shyness and the knowledge of their comparative unimportance in a great community wherein they are trying to obtain a footing keep them from seeking acquaintances. It is a cheerless kind of life they are condemned to live.

We are often told that there is no lonelier place than London for a newcomer without means or influence; and no doubt this is true. You may know nothing of your next-door neighbour nor he of you, and if you were to starve or be murdered the fact would scarcely cause a ripple of interest in the street where you dwell.

One unhealthy development of modern civilisation is this herding together of multitudes of people who have no common bond of union, no vital connection with the soil on which they swarm, no mutual responsibility.

* * *

But, if it comes to that, one can be as much alone in a crowd of everyday acquaintances or household associates as anywhere else. Uncongenial companionship drives a soul in upon itself. Many a man is to-day eating his heart out in a noisy solitude, a forced association with people with whom he can hardly share a single thought.

Perhaps men and women getting on in years suffer most hopelessly from lack of companionship and the unspoken sympathy and understanding that mean so much to us. You lose your partner in life or an old and valued friendship, and you have nothing to take its place.

The older we grow the lonelier we are likely to grow because time strips away from us one by one the precious human fellowships on which we are accustomed to depend for our happiness.

If through sickness or infirmity you drop out of a circle you are soon forgotten. People are sorry for you at first and miss you, but after a time they tire or acquire other interests. They do not mean to be unkind, but if you cannot keep up with them in the rush of daily life you must expect to be left to yourself.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead;
And all that fills the hearts of friends
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives henceforth have separate ends
And never can be one again.

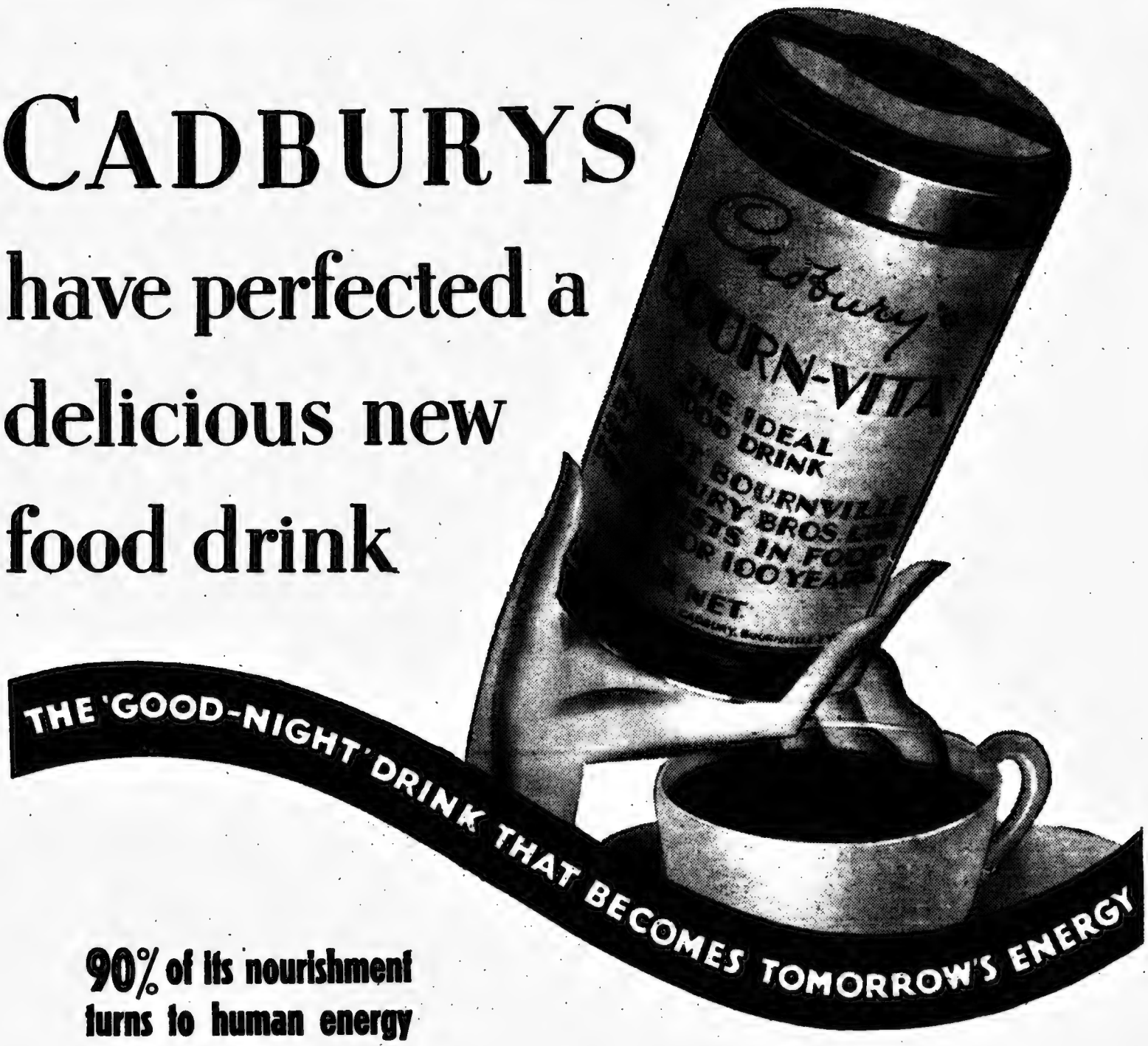
There is only one sure remedy for the pain of loneliness, and that is never to withdraw in spirit from human contacts. Try to give rather than to get, to help rather than to hold. Cultivate a lively and unselfish interest in all that is going on about you.

* * *

If people see clearly that you have their welfare at heart they will like to be with you. Look out upon the world with a smiling face, and the world will not be too busy to pause and smile back at you.

CADBURYS

have perfected a delicious new food drink



90% of its nourishment turns to human energy in a few hours.

9d Guaranteed ¼lb net

Obtainable from all leading Grocers.

All the experience of Cadburys, who have specialised in food-drinks for over a hundred years, has contributed to the perfecting of this new and delicious Cadbury product. Here is the perfect food-drink, made with fresh, full-cream milk and eggs from British farms, British malt and Empire cocoa, which induces peaceful, refreshing sleep at night and builds new energy for the morning—the scientifically concentrated nourishment in Cadbury's Bourn-vita is absorbed and turned into human energy in a few hours.

FEEL THE BENEFIT TO-MORROW! Even by *to-morrow* you will feel a beneficial effect after taking Cadbury's Bourn-vita to-night. The ingredients used—fresh, full-cream milk and eggs from British farms, British malt and Empire cocoa—are combined according to a formula which ensures a scientifically calculated balance of nourishing elements essential to good health, but which are often inadequately provided by cooked meals. Cadbury's Bourn-vita contains this vitalising nourishment in a form that can be digested with ease and rapidly transformed into human energy.

Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

THESE MEN *are* Dangerous

"Over coffee and cigars they will mention a new sulphur mine in Sicily or river gold in the Danube or oil wells in Alabama . . ."

TRAGIC SEEKERS *after* TREASURE

A VISITOR to any expensive restaurant in the West End of London at lunch-time will notice certain well-dressed men, invariably entertaining one or two guests to an elaborate meal over which they, the hosts, do all the talking.

They carry an assurance that cannot fail to impress, especially when, lunch over, they walk their guests out to a fast car of the very latest design, offer them a lift on their way, exchange greetings and depart with the invariable reminder to "Think it over," or "Let me know what you think about it," or "Don't forget now, old man," before they speed away.

They are always busy, they are invariably in a hurry, they cannot make an engagement for at least a week ahead.

And the guest is left rubbing his eyes and wondering what they do all the time.

All manner of people are receiving letters from them, letters typed on large sheets of the finest paper bearing an address in Mayfair or St. James's.

Never jam to-day

The letters invariably contain an invitation to lunch, and usually a hint that at that historic meal the recipient will learn of some epoch-making scheme, never before conceived, a scheme that will enrich him for life and mankind for all time.

They talk glibly in thousands of pounds; they think in hundreds of thousands of pounds. They walk with an air of confidence and serenity, and behind it they are worrying how to pay the washerwoman.

They move in a whirl of West End dinners and super-cars and expensive clothing, yet in most cases their bank balance will not meet the gas bill.

And all too often the many-course lunch, with its bottle of wine, rich with the glow of Burgundy uplands, or silver with the sparkle of the Rhine, will be followed by supper off a stale crust of bread and the dregs of a beer bottle.

For to this race of men the golden future stays just around the corner.

Like Alice in Wonderland, who found there was always jam to-morrow but never jam to-day; like the venturers who four hundred years ago pursued the fabled wealth of Eldorado beyond the last horizon until they lay dead of thirst in the wilderness, so does this strange race of men live on its hopes and feed on its desire.

Some day one of their schemes will bear fruit, and for to-day there is just credit enough.

Failure does not disappoint them—a hundred failures do not disappoint them. If no one will subscribe to their scheme of putting a new indelible gloss on toy pistols, then they will evolve another.

Fortunes—everywhere!

Over coffee and cigars they will bring out their papers about the new sulphur mines in Sicily, or river gold in the Danube.

They will point out a town that is bound to spread to the North-West and indicate that land is in the market there. They will tell you that there is oil in Alabama.

"We only want ten people to put up three hundred each and our fortune is made," they conclude, as they fold up the papers to put them away in their pockets.

There is a place they know of in Warwickshire ripe for development; a site for a super-kinema has just come into the market in the Thames Valley and the option expires that evening. There is a young man in Czecho-Slovakia greater than Beethoven who only lacks a backer.

There are, in fact, more things to be done than mortal man ever dreamed of if only someone will put down the necessary capital to start them off. They could easily get it to-morrow, but they must have it to-day; hence your great chance to come in on the ground floor.

Deadly lure

To them life is a succession of rainbows, dazzling rainbows with treasure at the end, rainbows that vanish before their eyes like the mirage on the great Sahara.

Theirs is a fast game—theirs is a dangerous game. In seeking to attract it is so easy to deceive.

Clarence Hatry discovered it to be so, as he stood in that light oak dock at the Old Bailey; so, too, did Kreuger in the stillness of his Paris bedroom when the revolver lay before him on the table. Lorang and Brandreth . . .

They, too, were moths dazzled by the limitless wealth which, when at last attained, so often consumes with its pitiless flame.

Perhaps the few whose schemes for a time bear fruit are the least fortunate of their kind.

There was a steady and skilful craftsman who, after patiently putting aside the earnings of twenty years, was swept away by the glamour of share-pushing—rose to the possession of four motor-cars and two houses, and ended his days in prison.

There is a young man to-day, lately among the most promising of our young architects and heir to an old-established firm, who, deluded by the prospect of a sudden road to wealth, threw up his career to follow this will-o'-the wisp till his capital and energy were well-nigh gone, just like those who not so long ago sold everything for the fare to the gold diggings in the Klondyke.

And they do not pay the price alone. Behind the façade of long lunches and fast cars lies the broken trail of deluded victims, the wreck of hard-won savings squandered away to bring the schemes to fruit.

A weeding needed

It is fully time to set up a National Investment Board to consider every scheme, a body which must approve new projects like the Censor approves new plays, before the promoters can ask for capital to be subscribed.

Fanciful projects require weeding out. Britain can no longer afford this wasteful and haphazard method of launching every new enterprise by which the public, besieged alike by bubble companies and sound concerns, does not know where to look.

For even if some of the schemes that the promoter describes over the lunch table are sound and may give employment to hundreds, the capital that is their life blood is drained away before it can be sunk in the scheme itself.

In a life where there is so much failure the promoter must take his toll of success, and the money that should go to build the factory or to sink the mine is too often diverted to the pockets of the "director," who must be paid for his pains, since even a share-pusher has got to live, and purveyors of lunches, motor-cars and the notepaper must from time to time be reassured by a little cash.

If enterprise is to be more efficiently planned and system is to find its way into modern industry, there must be less and less room for men like these.

A Song of £600,000

STATISTICS are dull things. You may be impressed, but you will not be moved by the fact that *the colossal sum of £600,000 has been paid out in "Bullets" cash prizes during the last twenty years.*

Yet if you run back through the *Bullets* records you will read something more than bloodless facts and figures. You will begin to realise the contributions to the sum of human happiness which have been provided by our *Bullets* Competition every week since October, 1912.

Let us dip into these files and recall just one or two from a thousand true stories of how *Bullets* has brought happiness to a struggling family.

"Previous to my good fortune," a winner of £2,000 tells us, "my wife and I got along on my weekly wage of £3 5s.

"We could save nothing. But we were happy, my only bogey being what would happen to my family should anything happen to me. Then came that glorious day when I had news of my £2,000 prize!

"Soon after my win our little boy Allan had a serious illness and had to go to a hospital in London. *Bullets* enabled me to pay the costs of four operations and provide him with everything he needed.

"He made a splendid recovery, and now, after a seaside holiday, he is a sturdy, wild little chap."

That was the miracle wrought in a little home by just one of the many big

A "Bullets" miracle saved Allan's life

Bullets prizes which have gone to make up that £600,000.

We dip again into those files of fortune, and up comes another item for the Happiness Account.

"I feel too happy to write much, so I hope you will excuse me," runs this simple little letter from a winner of 1,250 Guineas.

"It is so hard to realise that such good fortune has come into our home. I have a widowed mother and have been unemployed for fifteen months through the local works closing down. So you will understand what a change it will make in my life."

Again and again and again we could tell you of cases like these. But what of *your* case? Is not that another where JOHN BULL could come to the rescue?

If Friday, November 4, brought you a telegram announcing you the winner of £12 a week for life or £5,000, would not your grey skies turn to blue?

You know how badly you need this mighty Twentieth Birthday Prize which is soon to be presented for the best *Bullet*—and it can be yours. Let page 39 provide your passport to a new world of happiness and contentment.

Mr. JOHN AMERY

WHAT is the truth about Mr. John Amery? A few months ago the public had heard very little about him; then his love affair and the obstacles in the way of his intended marriage to Miss Una Wing became a subject of discussion throughout the country.

Few young men of twenty—Mr. John Amery left Harrow only a few years ago—can ever have achieved such notoriety. Yet the public remains ignorant of the real truth about him.

It will come as a shock when they do realise it.

On leaving school this young man announced his intention of making his mark in the tempting world of the film and blossomed out as a producer.

Spurred on no doubt by the success of Mr. Anthony Asquith, he decided that he was just the man to lift English productions out of the rut and create super-films that would outrival those of Hollywood.

That he had sufficient confidence in himself was taken for granted by those who knew him intimately, for his truculence and conceit are boundless.

But he was also known to be utterly reckless in his disregard for authority, and to have treated people who had sought to restrain him with impudent contempt. He was known to the Bright Young Things as "The Rat."

Despite his vulgar ostentation, he did not embark upon actual production immediately. For a time he simply "pooh-bahed"—as he termed it—about the studios. In other words, he condescended to watch, with critical eye, the efforts of older and skilled producers.

Then, about eighteen months ago, he decided to show the world that young men really matter, so he became the director of nine limited liability companies—all relating to the film industry.

Their objects were to produce world-shaking talkies, and also, we may have the temerity to presume, profits for himself and the investors.

Most of these companies he endowed with the lustre of his own name.

There was the John Amery Productions Ltd., the John Amery Corporation, and so on. All were run from offices at 126, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Then he plunged into the business race with breathless speed, using a Rolls Royce to keep his multifarious appointments, and fretting with impatience at such petty restrictions as traffic lights, point policemen or danger signals!

On one occasion a police officer had to leap to a wall to avoid being run down by this youthful film magnate, while at another time a road-watchman only escaped from what might have been a serious injury indeed by performing a similar acrobatic feat.

Miss Jean Harlow, the famous actress, was invited by Mr. John Amery to star in one of his "epic" flying films—an honour which she declined. Events show that she was wise

Superiority!

"Must I stop just because a man waves a red flag?" demanded Mr. John Amery indignantly. And when later prosecuted for dangerous driving he showed his superiority by absenting himself from the court!

Wiser men watched the bombastic entry of this self-appointed saviour of British filmdom with interest. What they privately surmised at the time has now been fulfilled.

To-day many of the John Amery film concerns are in grave financial straits. Complaints are arising everywhere about some of his inner operations. Many people, too, who have parted with money on the strength of very specific statements made to them by the impressive Mr. Amery, are now lodging complaints with us—and elsewhere—concerning his operations.

Others have resorted to civil actions in the hope of recovering some of their losses; but it is some little time now since Mr. John Amery showed himself at the West End Office where he was formerly so active.

He is taking a prolonged holiday on the Continent, but nobody knows just where as he is constantly on the move.

We have subjected Mr. John Amery's film activities to investigation, and when our readers learn something of the results of our discoveries, they will agree that the sooner his ambitions are curbed the better it will be for the film world in particular and the public in general.

"Jungle Skies"

A few months ago Mr. John Amery was introduced to one of our readers as a prospective employer. At the initial interview the pompous young producer declared that he could offer our reader an excellent post.

But, he added, it would not be possible to arrange this unless the employee-to-be demonstrated his good faith with a financial gesture.

Apparently, those financing Mr. Amery would not allow him to fill the post without this precaution even if he desired to do so.

The John Amery Company mentioned in connection with this appointment was said to be in a flourishing condition, and if the applicant would put up money he would be given valuable debenture stock and a good, salaried post.

Much was said at this and subsequent interviews of a new film called "Jungle Skies," which Mr. John Amery and an expert staff proposed to produce shortly in Tanganyika, where he would be staying on the estate of his friend, a well-known sporting peer.

Impressed by these tales, and being given what appeared to be excellent security, the applicant paid over a deposit of £250 and agreed to put up more money later.

Now, before this man parted with his cash Mr. John Amery definitely assured him that the film "Jungle Skies" would sell for over £70,000, and that financiers had agreed to advance something like £30,000 when this super-talkie was half made.

Mr. John Amery.

Disquieting

In addition, the investor was covered by property and shares in other companies in the John Amery group, and believed his money to be perfectly safe.

And, as time went on and Mr. John Amery seemed, according to his own stories and optimism, to be making great strides in his new venture, the employee brought his investment up to £500.

Now the most dazzling prospects were held out to him.

ERY—Full Exposure

far too much of his reckless folly. be curbed

"His intended marriage to Miss Una Wing became a subject of discussion throughout the country"

the success of his career in the completion of "Jungle Skies."

According to some of the enthusiastic stories with which he regaled clients upon his return, certain experiences in Tanganyika had called for every ounce of his aggressive courage.

On one occasion, when driving his car in the Arusha district, he said, a Black Mamba—one of the deadliest snakes in existence—uncoiled itself from the engine and missed him by a fraction of an inch.

He drew his revolver instantly and killed the reptile, though not without some difficulty.

Then, when filming a scene in which an aeroplane was supposed to bomb a specially constructed village, the acting was too realistic for many of the native supers.

A panic ensued in which several of the players were rendered unconscious, and the outcome was that the whole of the local police turned out with orders from the Sultan to arrest Mr. John Amery and seize his film.

How he spent his time in avoiding the police is much too long a story to repeat here.

It will suffice to say that, though he was ultimately caught and detained at Dar-es-Salaam, the Sultan's emissaries were completely foiled, as he had been astute enough to charter aeroplanes to carry the precious film reels by air to London.

Among other things, he would be deputed to assume special duties in connection with "Jungle Skies," and later, when this film was completed, Mr. John Amery promised to send him to America in the exalted position of "personal representative."

Numerous other people were likewise persuaded to put up large sums of money in this manner, and in due course Mr. John Amery proceeded to Tanganyika to begin actual production work on his great film.

In his absence the investor began to make disturbing discoveries.

He found that funds, far from being abundant, were very tight—so tight, indeed, that he could not even get his emoluments.

But Mr. John Amery was in no wise abashed on his return from Tanganyika.

Pompous and bombastic as ever, he announced that he had scored

It seems a great pity that Mr. John Amery went to all this bother to make "Jungle Skies," because it has turned out to be such an appalling piece of film production, that the chances of its ever being exhibited are decidedly remote.

White elephant

Parts of it, indeed, have already been utilised in another film, since made in London, called "It's a Lion."

A more appropriate title would have been "It's a Frost," for so far it has never earned a penny.

It is a distressing fact that when Mr. John Amery took one of his now disillusioned investors to view a private show of this film he actually tried to borrow half-a-crown to pay for a taxi.

But the investor, who is to-day bemoaning the fact that he is very much the poorer through his introduction to Mr. Amery, had had enough and politely declined.

And what of the financiers of whom Mr. Amery spoke so confidently when raising money on his debentures?

One was a French bank. Investors have waited in vain for Mr. Amery to obtain from it the advance he declared would be made when the production of "Jungle Skies" was half completed.

But the fact that he is now on the Continent does not lead them to hope that he will pursue his negotiations in their favour.

His rage

Another was a financier named G. A. Andrews, of Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London.

Clients now learn that negotiations with Andrews were broken off long ago, though what he could ever have done is difficult to imagine.

Only last week a warrant officer was enquiring for Andrews with a judgment for arrears of rates to the extent of £80.

A fine financier, indeed!

Not long ago, when an investor called at the Long Acre office of the John Amery film companies, he found a police officer endeavouring to quieten a number of "extras" who wanted adequate payment for their services.

Upstairs, Mr. John Amery, who had refused to pay them, was in a storming rage.

"I will not be dictated to by anyone!" he shouted.

Then with a dramatic gesture he produced a revolver.

"I will shoot"

"And if I am assaulted as I go out I will shoot! It is a case of self-defence, and I could get away with it easily."

The investor who witnessed this intolerable display was himself a claimant, and was forced to take legal action before he could induce Mr. Amery to make a refund.

Mr. John Amery must be curbed.

He is growing much too reckless, particularly where the lives and money of people he considers his inferior are concerned.

He figured very discreditably in one case where the most serious allegations were made against him to Scotland Yard by the son of a famous admiral.

The admiral's son had been in the habit of using Mr. John Amery's car, and on one occasion he got into trouble with the police over it.

During the subsequent proceedings this man actually alleged that Mr. John Amery had threatened that he would swear that the car had been driven away without his authority.

Mr. Amery's reasons for repudiating his former friend in this disgraceful fashion are best known to himself.

Once Mr. John Amery got into very serious trouble over the manner in which he negotiated the disposal of a car belonging to a man who is well known in Mayfair.

A relative, however, came to his assistance and helped him to save his face.

Stormy band

When Mr. John Amery finally comes back to London he will have to face a very stormy band of creditors and investors.

Among other things, they will want to know how their money has been spent and the real nature of the security given when the debentures were issued.

Film production, like motor cars, cannot be controlled recklessly.

Not long ago, when Mr. John Amery was fined £50 and costs for reckless driving—his 74th conviction on motoring offences—his counsel remarked: "Boys of twenty very often do foolish things."

That, as we have shown, is more than true in Mr. John Amery's case, and we trust that after this article appears his stay in the film world, which has had quite enough of his folly, will end once and for all.

His efforts to make his mark as a film producer have already involved him in a series of difficulties which should discourage him from future flights of ambition.

At any rate, those who have been let down through trusting in his optimism in the past are not likely to support him again.

Nor must he run away with the idea that the public will tolerate any more of his dangerous buffoonery.

However great an opinion he may cherish of his own importance, we would remind him that he is an insignificant young man who has already caused enough trouble for everyone.

Stop him!

His persistent and reckless motoring escapades alone stamp him as a person to be severely curbed, and the dubious nature of his various financial ventures shows that he has few scruples.

If he has any concern for his future career he will pause now for reflection before it is too late. He must climb down and realise that he is not the exalted personage he has so far imagined himself.

When he does this the better it will be for himself in particular and the public in general.

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A Gambler in Thrills...

BEATING Death's Nap Hand

JOHN BULL Readers' Own Stories

(4)

"Mrs. Wolf was blocking the doorway, and whenever I made a movement she bared her teeth menacingly"

AS JOHN BULL points out, there are many people, at present leading uneventful and quiet lives, who have, in the past, led lives packed with thrills and adventure.

I can claim to be one of these. Four years of war—trench war, war with field-guns, and war in the air—before I had reached my twentieth birthday; a year at college, which was then abandoned for the more exciting Irish rebellion of 1920, where I served as an inspector in the famous Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C.; then Canada, the States, and South America, where I sought—and found—further adventures.

Then I discovered that the real Land of Thrills was Canada. Five times there I was face to face with Death. . . .

Shortly after arriving in Canada I drifted into the liquor business, perhaps better known as the "booze racket."

At first I was employed to run whisky across Lake St. Clair, Ontario, to the States on the other side of the lake. It was the sort of life that appeals to any youngster with a thirst for adventure.

Hiding in the rushes that lined the Ontario shore, we would wait with our cargo—in a powerful speed-boat—until we received the signal from the other side of the lake.

This signal consisted of flashes from an electric torch; long flashes meant "All clear," alternate short and long flashes "Wait," and short flashes "Not to-night, police near."

Sometimes we would have to wait six or seven hours for the "All clear" signal.

There we would lie, quietly hidden, watching the patrol-boats on the lake. Occasionally they would come roaring down in response to a call from their confrères lower down the lake; but usually they would come drifting quietly down with the lake tide, hoping to catch us by means of their silence. Once they nearly did.

A number of police boats had gone tearing past us, seemingly called by the patrol-boats operating lower down, and soon after they had passed we received the "All clear."

IN the ordinary way there were four boats working our end of the water, and we had seen all of them pass us. As soon as we got the signal away we went, and with throttle full open we streaked across to the other side.

While we were in the act of dumping our load on the beach—where a lorry was waiting to pick it up—a warning shout came to us from our look-out—"Cops!"

Hardly had the word reached us than the police searchlights picked us out. They had tricked us with an old ruse. Knowing that we were aware of the number of boats on the patrol, they had taken others by rail from the other end of the lake and put them on to our end.

Then they had rushed the original four down the lake, and had come drifting quietly down with the others.

There was no time to finish unloading. In a flash we were on board; our "No. 1" had opened up the throttle, and we went tearing blindly into the blaze of lights that prevented us from seeing anything around us.

Startled shouts from the police as our boat tore into them; the pop-pop-pop of machine-guns as they tried to sink us; then utter darkness as we shot out from the beams of their lights.

They were after us in a flash, and the water around us foamed from their bullets. Luck was with us, for we covered the two miles in time that would not have shamed Kaye Don, and, what is more, we kept our cases of Scotch.

Usually, when we were in a tight corner, we threw overboard our cargo, but on this occasion we were too anxious to reach those Ontario bulrushes.

According to law the U.S. patrols could not touch us after we had crossed the middle of the lake, because we were then in Canadian waters, but, believe me, the police were not worrying about half-way lines that night—they ran us right into the rushes.

* * *

As soon as the lake had frozen over, we used cars. This was even more thrilling than motor-boats. Rushing over a frozen lake with a police car in hot pursuit is not a sport to be recommended to people with weak hearts, particularly when one must follow a certain route owing to weak ice.

Later I moved to the prairie provinces, where we used light aeroplanes, but this, surprisingly perhaps, was too quiet and too easy.

* * *

My next job was on a whaler, poaching fur seals in the Behring Sea. These seals were protected by law and they abounded on the many rocky islands off the Russian coast.

Our base was in British Columbia, and our work consisted of a dash to the islands—usually under cover of the almost perpetual fogs in this district—slipping ashore in boats, slaughtering (there is no other word for it) the seals, and then a rush back with the skins.

The Soviet navy patrolled the district very well, and we were often chased, and on more than one occasion fired on. If they had ever taken us it would have been Siberia for life.

I soon tired of this because I am too fond of animals to enjoy wholesale slaughter.

Later I was working on the railway, and had an experience which might easily have been serious. I was sitting in the caboose of the train—this is the equivalent of the English guard's van—and I was alone.

This line was being laid 170 miles into the north country, and, as everything had been done in a few months, the line

(Continued on page 24)

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GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

"BEATING DEATH'S NAP HAND" (Continued from page 22)

The Madman of the Frozen North

"I discovered that Canada was the real Land of Thrills"
[Photo: Canadian National Railways]

was very dangerous in parts, only work trains running over it.

One of the bad parts was a bridge over the Barrier River. The bridge at that time was not firm, and had sunk into the sand a little, so that trains passing over it had to crawl for fear of starting too much vibration.

We had reached the bridge and the train had commenced its usual slow progress, which the other men with me had gone to watch. I was sitting reading, and after a time I became aware that the caboose seemed to be moving rather quicker than usual.

I rose and walked to the rear of the car to look out, and saw something that made me hot under the collar.

The car was going *backwards*, and that at a good speed!

I knew at once what had happened.

Owing to the unevenness of the track the caboose had come uncoupled and had commenced to run down the incline leading to the bridge.

By the time I had noticed it, it had got up a good speed, and I could hear another work train whistling on the bend. It was the work of a few seconds to grab the brake handle and put it on as hard as I could.

A runaway car takes a lot of stopping with a hand brake, and before I had succeeded the oncoming train turned the bend.

There was a grinding of air brakes, and about twenty yards separated us. Had I not noticed the increasing speed of the caboose there would have been a collision with unpleasant results for at least one person—myself.

DURING the next few years I trapped the country north of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and there spent some of the happiest years of my life. Experiences were interesting and varied.

I was walking through the bush one evening, and, thinking that I had heard something, I stopped under a pine to listen. Searching the bushes, I could discern nothing unusual, until I happened to glance overhead and saw a bear cub sitting on a branch, watching me intently.

He had remained perfectly quiet, hoping in his little mind that I would pass by without observing him.

Bear cubs were no novelty to me, and I should have gone on if this little bundle of fur had not so far forgot himself as to come shinning down the tree at me in a sham attack. He did this several times, and eventually came within reach.

I grabbed hold of him, merely in fun, of course, and he immediately sent out an urgent call for maternal help. His squeals rent the silence of the forest, and I, not at first realising the danger, held the cuddly little bundle of fur, and laughed at his futile struggles.

The first hint of danger was a series of coughing grunts in the distance, followed by the sound of a big animal rushing through the bush. Snap, snap went the branches, and I could hear a peculiar sound that, I learned later, was the clicking of the she-bear's teeth.

I DROPPED the cub and pointed my rifle to where I thought the sounds were issuing. Next moment I went spinning in the undergrowth. Mrs. Bruin had arrived from the rear and caught me a terrible whack on the shoulder.

The she-bear, like all other animals, is very dangerous when she has a family. I was partly stunned, or perhaps I was half-fainting from the pain of my shoulder, which was dislocated, and had not a lucky incident occurred I might not be here to tell the tale.

That incident was the discharge of my rifle as I fell. I was dimly aware that my gun had gone off, and also of the crackling of branches, as the cinnamon and her cub fled.

Later I returned to my shack, and by tying my hand to the leg of my plank bed, bracing my feet against the wall, and forcing myself away, I got the shoulder back into position.

I was always wary of lonesome bear cubs after that.

On another occasion I wandered off my track in search of moose, and walked into a bear trap. This is an outsize in traps, and is equally effective as a man trap. The strange thing was that it did not break my leg.

I struggled for two hours or so in an endeavour to release the jaws of the trap, but was unsuccessful. In the ordinary way, it should have been possible, but this happened to be a last season's trap, forgotten, and was rusted pretty well.

Finally, I gave it up and decided to fire help signals. I was unable to use my rifle, as it had fallen out of reach, and I was equally unable to pull out the peg holding the trap; that peg had been driven in to hold a bear.

I had my revolver, a Webley, so I fired three rapid shots, the S.O.S. of the forest. After shouting myself hoarse, I let go the other three; I had no further revolver ammunition on me.

Another long wait, and I decided there was nothing for it but to dig out the peg (log) holding the trap. I dug for about an hour, when I heard calls in the distance. I answered them, and before long I was released from my nasty predicament by my rescuers, a band of Indians. Had it been winter, I should have frozen to death, as other trappers have done in similar cases.

One winter there was an old Swede trapping north of me. He would often come over to see me—and borrow stuff. In the end, he became not only a nuisance, but a danger.

He was usually drunk, and if I protested against lending further supplies of food or ammunition, saying that I had insufficient to last out the season, he would become sullen.

In these moods he would drink lots of "home brew" and methodically oil his gun. Once I turned round suddenly to find him levelling it at me!

I managed to humour him through that season, and was mightily relieved to get away from him in the spring. The following season he lost his mind completely, and after murdering a trapper, dashed up north.

Then followed a police chase in the dead of winter. The Swede shot two of the policemen and drove them off. The next season they came after him again.

A terrible fight ensued, in which aeroplanes were used, and the poor old madman was shot and killed.

Brrr—I can see the old man oiling that gun and muttering under his breath yet!

* * *

I had several shacks, some of them very rough buildings, spread along my line, and I would travel each day as far as the next shack.

One day I decided to investigate an old shack that was off my line: it was a dilapidated place, and, as far as I knew, had not been used for years. I arrived at night, and, entering the broken door, threw my pack and rifle on the floor and prepared to get out my torch.

I HEARD a low growl, and in a few seconds was aware of the fact that the shack was tenanted already by an old wolf and her cubs.

They had priority, and I was quite prepared to leave the field to them, but there was a snag to my retiring. Mrs. Wolf was blocking the doorway, and whenever I made a movement she bared her teeth menacingly. That was quite enough for me. I decided that it was best to wait her ladyship's pleasure.

Of course, I ought really to have shot the lot—there is a bounty on wolves—but I admire those sturdy, brave inhabitants of the forest. Theirs is a life full of danger and hardships, and I would feel like a murderer, shooting cubs.

I kept as far away from her as possible, while she called her babies to her. They went, whimpering, and she bustled them outside as quickly as she was able. Looking out of the hole that served as a window, I saw the wilderness family go racing off to find a new home.

Now, when I pick up a book and read stories of other men's adventures, I think with pleasure that, although to the average person it is just interesting reading, to many more of us it is a thing which conjures up memories of our own travels.

And in such moods we heave a sigh of sympathy for those unfortunates who have been doomed to spend their lives in insipid jobs, and for whom adventure is a thing to be dreamed of, but never realised.

SIDE-SLIPS

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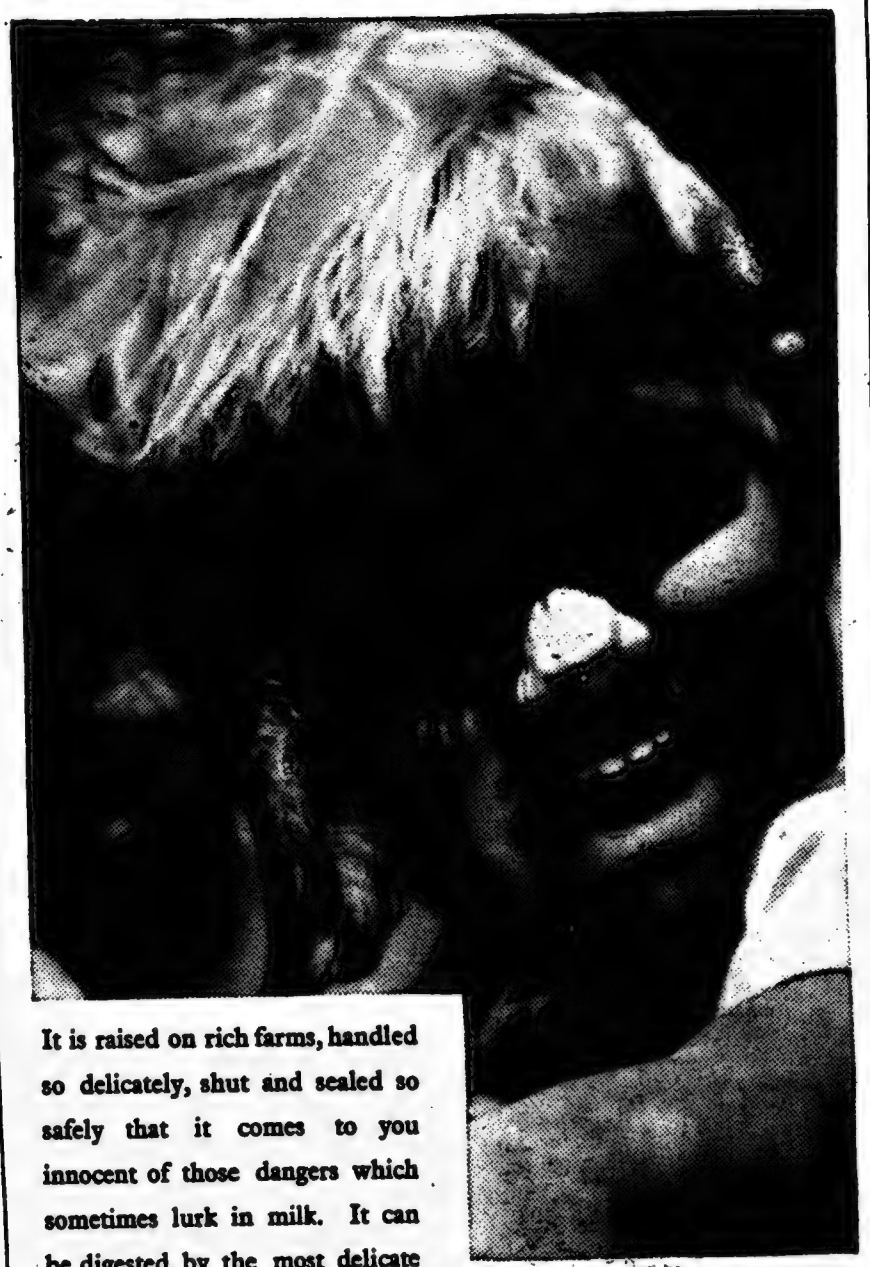

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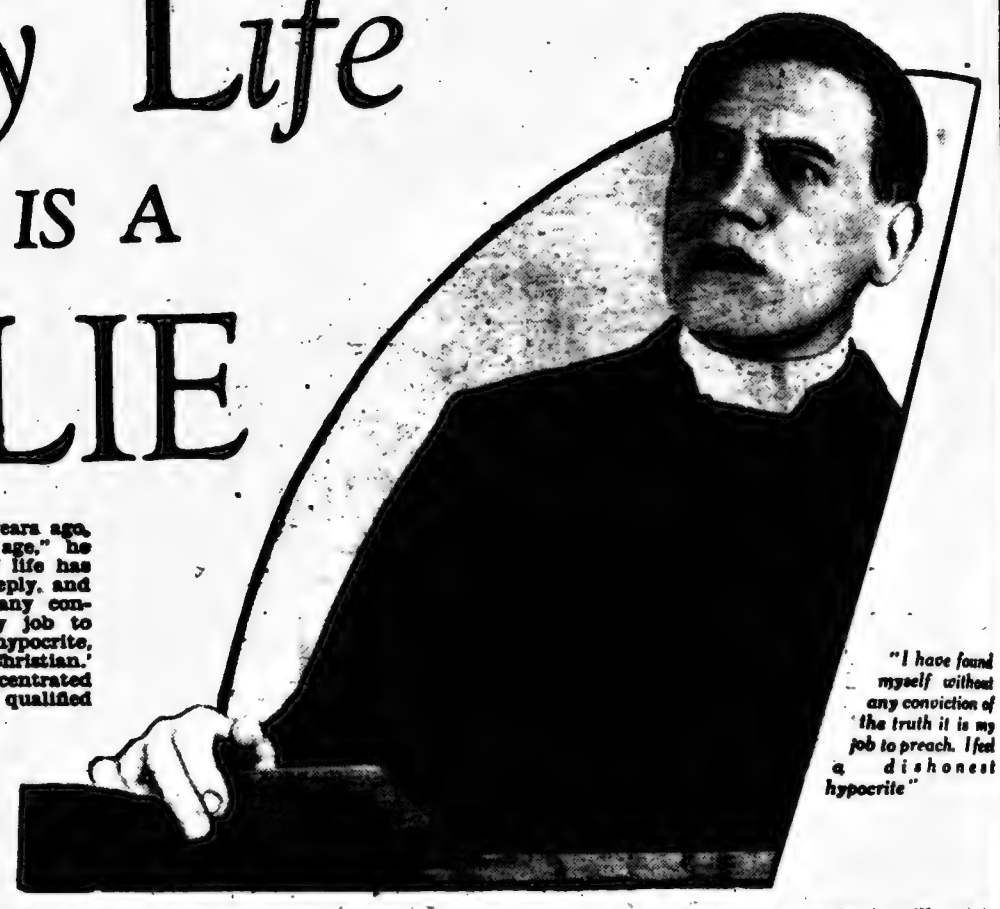
A PARSON'S Confession to PHILIP INMAN

My Life IS A LIE



"I have found myself without any conviction of the truth it is my job to preach. I feel a dishonest hypocrite"

I HAVE three problems to discuss this week, and there is something in common with all three of them, though you would never think so by looking at them on the surface

Let us look at the first case—that of a parson who has lost faith in his work:

"I was ordained nearly ten years ago, and at the usual immature age," he writes. "Growing experience of life has compelled me to think more deeply, and I have found myself without any conviction of the truth it is my job to preach. I feel a dishonest hypocrite, almost a thief, a 'professional Christian.'

"During my training, I concentrated on theology, so now I am not qualified for any other post, and all professions, even teaching, are too overcrowded to-day to accept unqualified men.

"As I have a wife and little son wholly dependent upon me, I am told that I ought to remain at my present work. It is said that 'conviction will come in time.'

"In a recent article when you advised a bank clerk to give up his work, you said 'It would be different if he were tied by family responsibilities.' *I am.* On the other hand, his dilemma was one of preference, mine of principle."

* * *

I am in this difficulty in regard to this parson. He does not tell me the reason of his lost faith.

Is it caused by personal bereavement or disappointment, or by what affects so many people—the apparent unfairness of the world? Are his friends justified in regarding it as a phase that will pass away? We all of us encounter those situations in life when it is easier to doubt than to believe.

My readers know that I am engaged in hospital work. When I started it, sixteen years ago, the sight of suffering and death made me wonder whether "the power behind the maze of things," as Whittier puts it, could possibly be kind and loving.

For many months I lived with Bunyan in Doubting Castle, but at last I came back to the faith of my childhood. I realised that a negative creed carries with it no satisfaction, and, strangely enough, it was the patients themselves, who had caused me to lose my grip on reality, that brought me back again.

Into the wilderness

Their courage, their cheerfulness, their unfailing heroism in face of almost overwhelming odds, made me realise that mankind is not only human, but has in it a spark of the divine.

I have dwelt on this personal experience in the hope that it will help my parson correspondent. Perhaps his religion has "got on his nerves" to such an extent that his vision is blurred.

Then let him get away from things for a time. Let him go out into the wilderness, and there in solitude he may recapture his soul.

But if his faith has been lost without any hope of redemption, there is only one course open to him. At present he is a "living lie." That cannot continue. Moral honesty demands that he shall seek a different sphere of activity where his conscience need not be stretched.

Times are bad, I know, but he is obviously an educated man, and surely with his character he should be able to find some berth that he can fill.

* * *

My second correspondent tells me that she has been married twenty years, and her letter proceeds:

* * *

"I have the best husband a woman ever had, and I have also five children, whom I love dearly. Unfortunately my husband has been unemployed for eighteen months, and recently he has had two illnesses which have left him depressed and nervous.

"My young baby has been very cross lately, and when he starts to scream my husband says he can't stand it, and runs out of the house with his head in his hands. Yet when the little boy is good my husband fondles him, and I know that at heart he thinks the world of him.

"The child had a very bad night not long ago, and the next morning my husband sat very quiet and morose. Suddenly he got up and came over to my chair, and, putting his arm round my shoulder, said, 'Dear, I have a serious proposition to make to you,' and then he dropped this bombshell.

"He told me that either he or the baby would have to leave, and that I must choose. If I sent him away, he would go into lodgings until the little boy is older. As I have said, I love them both dearly."

* * *

Unfortunately for that woman she has struck a combination of bad circumstances. Her husband's illness has made him nervy and a little unnatural, and this has happened just at the time when the baby is unduly irritable, probably due to teething troubles.

It seems fairly obvious that under normal conditions the difficulty would not have arisen. The child's faults are magnified out of all proportion through the man's indisposition.

If the child goes away, I believe that the man will be the first to wish it back. And, therefore, this is what I suggest: Has my correspondent a relative or a friend with whom she and the baby could stay, say, for a month or two? This would give her husband a chance to improve in health, and at the same time he would discover just how much the little boy means to him.

Through this temporary separation, I believe my correspondent will retain both her husband and her child.

* * *

And now let me deal with my third correspondent. She writes to tell me that though she has been married twenty-two years, she has almost reached breaking-point.

Two-faced

"My husband has periods of bad temper and sulkiness, refusing to speak to me for weeks at a time. As a result, my health is suffering through the strain.

"Everybody in the village thinks what a nice, quiet man he is. If anyone comes into the house he treats me decently, but as soon as they have gone he is as bad as ever. I feel like leaving home, and I think I would do so if it were not for my two children having somewhere to come to on their holidays.

"There is also this other difficulty. I am forty-nine years old, and I wonder if I should be able to find work to do. It seems hard that I should contemplate such a step, as I have tried to consider his comfort in every way."

* * *

From what my correspondent tells me, she is suffering from the faults of her own virtues. She has been kind and considerate to her husband, and all he does is to take advantage of it.

She tells me that she has two children, who, I gather, are now grown-up. Is it not possible for one of them to have a talk with their father and put it to him quite plainly that their mother should not be treated in such a way?

But as for my correspondent leaving home—well, I urge her to hesitate a long time before she takes that step.

Memories . . .

In "Dr. Pygmalion" the wife becomes infatuated with a doctor. He tries to persuade her to obtain a divorce so that she can marry him, but though her husband has treated her badly, she decides to remain at home.

When the doctor asks for an explanation, she says to him: "Well, you see, we have been married nineteen years, and in that time we have had a good many ups and downs together, and there are memories—memories of my home and my children—that I can never forget."

My correspondent should remember that. She should also remember that it would not be easy for her to start life afresh at fifty. Perhaps then she will achieve her desire to save both her husband and her home.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

ON this page Philip Inman, JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," tackles some of the problems of our readers. If you are in need of help, write to him and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

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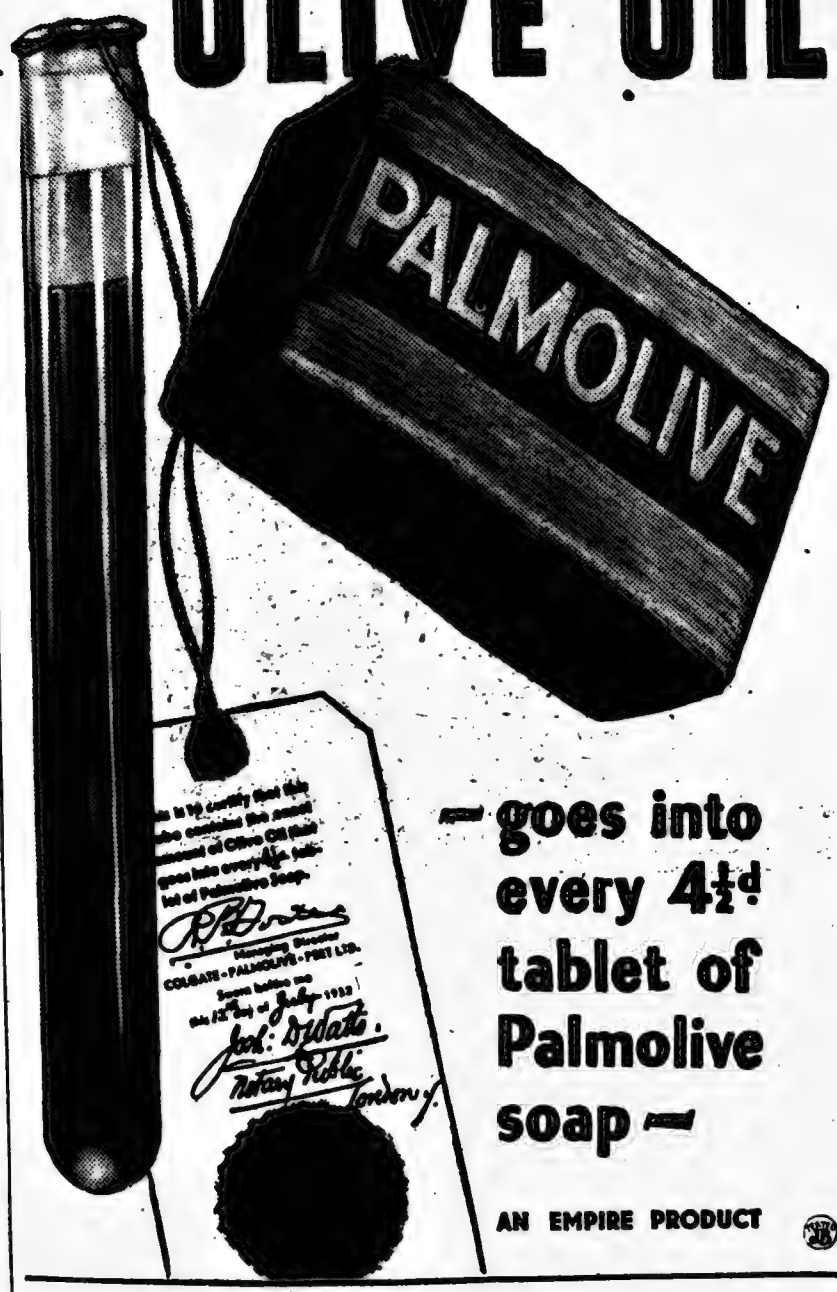

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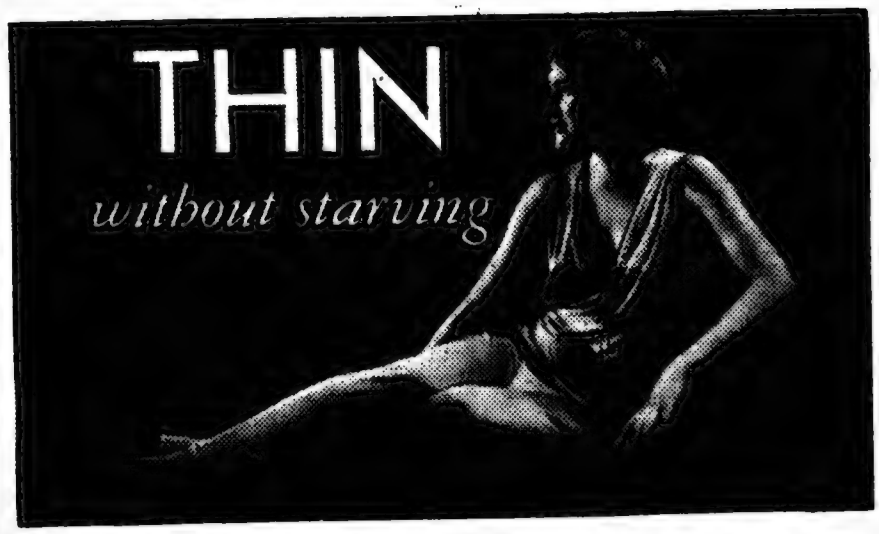

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No secrets about Marmola. The complete formula appears in the booklet—tells you exactly why the weight drops and vim comes up.

Go try this method. All other ways are bound to fail if this gland cause is not corrected. Ask your slender friends who have used Marmola. Go do what they did—now.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 832S), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

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Listen-in to RADIO'S ROMANCE

by LESLIE McMICHAEL

Chairman of the Radio Manufacturers Association

YOU millions of wireless listeners—I wonder if, as you sit before your loudspeakers, you ever pause to think of the romance that made possible radio, as we know it to-day.

It was a Scot named Bell who conceived the idea of talking over wires and so invented the telephone—the forerunner of radio. More than half a century ago Bell spoke seven words across a wire, but the world refused to be enthused.

It is a fantastic fact that it was a Brazilian Emperor—Don Pedro—who gave telephony the impetus that put it on its road which eventually has led to wireless.

He was given a demonstration. The receiver was handed to him; he listened and, quickly dropping it as if it were a fiendish contraption, exclaimed in horror, "My God, it speaks!"

That incident, grotesque and comical, was reported all over the world, with the result that the telephone became famous, first as a toy and then as a necessity.

* * *

There are to-day 35,000,000 telephones in the world. They led—because what can be done by wires can be done by wireless—to radio.

Wireless, as we now know it, suggested itself through the agency of David Hughes, an Englishman, who sent signals through the air, without wires, for a distance of twenty yards.

Later, he increased the distance to 500 yards. That was a momentous occasion. He walked up and down Great Portland Street, London, at dead of night, with headphones strapped to his ears and a receiver in his hands, listening to the signals sent out on the ether waves from his house.

David Hughes was the inventor of the microphone. That in itself was a fantastic segment of the romance of radio.

Suspecting that two bits of carbon in loose contact would amplify current sent through them, he picked up two bits of burnt firewood from a fireplace at his home in Langham Place, W.

With these, a matchbox and some sealing-wax, he began his experiments. He even stole his wife's workbasket for the job, and eventually constructed an instrument which he named, on the spot, a "microphone."

* * *

Everyone who visited Radiolympia recently was interested in the five thousand radio sets shown there because of David Hughes' invention.

There is a man still alive who made a microphone from Hughes' model. Mr. Henry Purse proudly tells of the day when Hughes brought the original to him in his workshop and told him that it had cost him 2½d. to make.

He proved how sensitive that first "mike" was by reproducing the footsteps of a fly as it walked across a sheet of paper!

Hughes met with no encouragement from the official scientific bodies in those days. His demonstrations of picking up ether waves—the first proofs of wireless—were dismissed by the president and secretary of the Royal Society as "merely electro-magnetic disturbances," and they refused to regard them as aerial waves.

This nearly broke his heart, and Hughes went into embittered seclusion. Eight years later, Hertz made his important discovery which carried the Hughes idea many steps further.

It is an historic fact, however, that in Langham Place, where Broadcasting House is now situated, the first microphone was made and the first radio signals were sent and received. Hughes died in 1900.

Hertz radiated aerial waves and actually measured their length and velocity. Then, with inexhaustible energy, Sir Oliver Lodge worked steadily forward, contributing mightily to the stock of knowledge.

Marconi entered the field in 1896, and ignored by his native Italy, came to England, where the Post Office gave him encouraging interest. In 1897 he sent wireless signals several miles.

During this time history was being made. Four years later Marconi staggered the world by sending the first radio signals across the Atlantic. That achievement was a mighty advance towards radio reception, as we know it to-day.

But in 1901, just as his aerial masts were nearly completed, the country was swept by a terrific gale which blew down the masts and wrecked the station.

This almost tragic reverse was not allowed to postpone the experiments, however. Two months later there was the picture of Marconi, with Kemp and Paget, his assistants, battling with storms on a wild December night, endeavouring to keep a large kite afloat.

After a week of set-backs, he was able to receive his famous "S" signal—three dots—from across the Atlantic.

It was in 1909 that the liner *Republic* was fitted with wireless apparatus, and in July of that year collided with another ship on the high seas in a jet-black night.

The wireless cabin of the *Republic* was splintered, but the apparatus was workable. The operator began, then, the fine tradition that has been upheld ever since by naval wireless operators.

Once a genius picked up two pieces of burnt firewood—and gave radio to the world. To-day you can see mother and the children listening-in on the train

Water gushed into his smashed cabin, but he stuck to his transmitter and tapped out the first SOS across the world. His name—Jack Binns—should live for ever.

Three years later the *Titanic* crashed into an iceberg with three thousand souls on board. Her SOS signals brought liners racing to her assistance, and nine hundred were saved who, had it not been for radio, would have perished.

* * *

At that time there was a whole band of amateurs in London working towards radio as a domestic utility. Five of them, representing the amateurs of Britain, met in 1911, and founded the London Wireless Club with a membership of only twenty. Later this became the Radio Society of Great Britain.

Twenty years ago the Postmaster-General issued licences to a few of us which permitted us to work transmitting stations, and within a short time there were between forty and fifty of such stations working.

Ten years ago the first British Broadcasting Company was formed.

At that time there were fewer than 20,000 licensed listeners. To-day there are about five million.

Race with "Silver Ring"

AN OLD STAGER'S ADVICE

AN old trainer, whose judgment I respected, told me many years ago that in my search for a likely winner of the Cesarewitch I should pass over any horse that had, at any period, run in the race.

The old fellow contended that next for the game was destroyed by the gruelling nature of the contest.

In view of this, competition "fans" should note that Son of Mint, Blue Vision, Sandals, Joyous Greeting, Leonard, Chelmarsh, Ballyscanlon, Arctic Star and West Wicklow have previously run in the race.

A good "mix up" are Sandy Lashes, Air Pocket, Mitsiehin, Bonny Brightstyle, Claymore and Bigirl.

For week-end winners I select Double Arch for the Haydock Autumn Handicap and Millennium and Manœuvre for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RINGS" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 6, to Wednesday, October 12.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 96 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 98 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

JQSW93O96 would read CHORIST.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

OKWFKO2S would read SARGASSO.

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No woman can look attractive in a bathing costume if disfigured by growths of superfluous hair on arms and legs. No longer need you use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—nor evil smelling, messy chemical depilatories which are positively dangerous. NEW VEET—containing Wenlo-White, the recent marvellous discovery of a British Scientist, dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots—the hair just falls away.

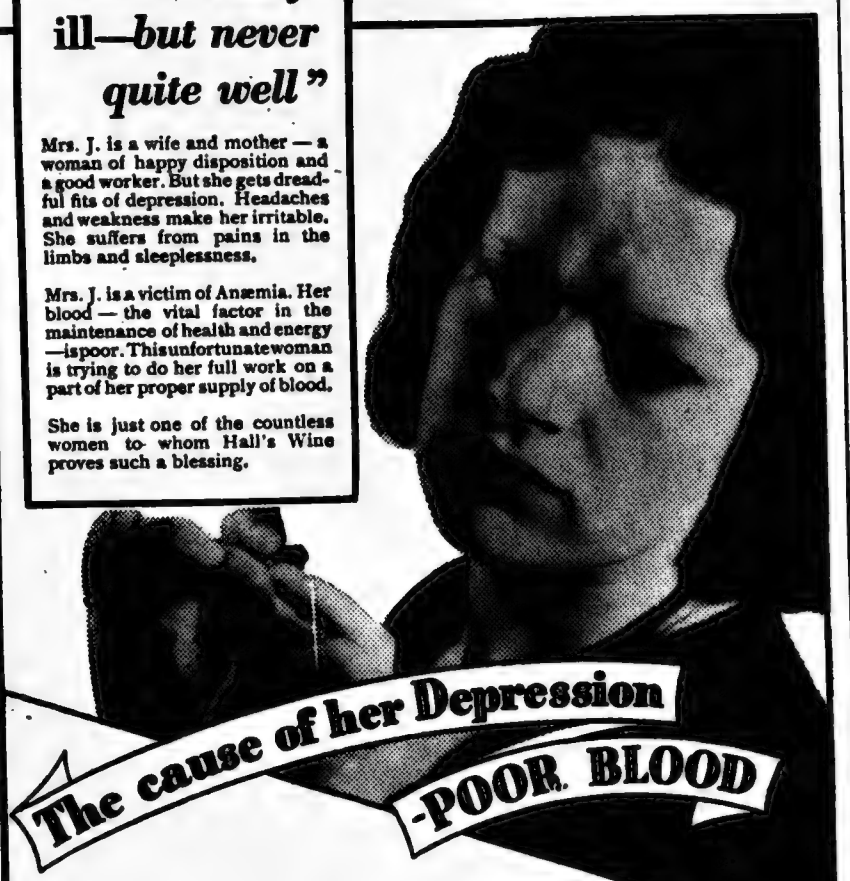
New Veet is a delightfully perfumed cream, as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on direct from the tube and then rinse off with water. You wash away every trace of hair with it, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. No dark patches such as a razor leaves because it removes the hair *below* the skin surface. Beware of inferior imitations and harmful substitutes. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET.

"Never really ill—but never quite well"

Mrs. J. is a wife and mother — a woman of happy disposition and a good worker. But she gets dreadful fits of depression. Headaches and weakness make her irritable. She suffers from pains in the limbs and sleeplessness.

Mrs. J. is a victim of Anæmia. Her blood — the vital factor in the maintenance of health and energy —is poor. This unfortunate woman is trying to do her full work on a part of her proper supply of blood.

She is just one of the countless women to whom Hall's Wine proves such a blessing.



The cause of her Depression -POOR BLOOD

Many a woman—many a wife and mother—has been profoundly thankful that in Hall's Wine she found the means of putting poor blood right. Why is Hall's Wine so helpful? Because it contains such an abundance of two vital blood-making properties—the natural iron and vitamins of the grape, together with other valuable medicaments. And here is a point to take to heart—you will have fewer colds and be more likely to escape Influenza this winter, *when Hall's Wine builds up your strength.*

Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.

HALL'S WINE
ENRICHES THE BLOOD

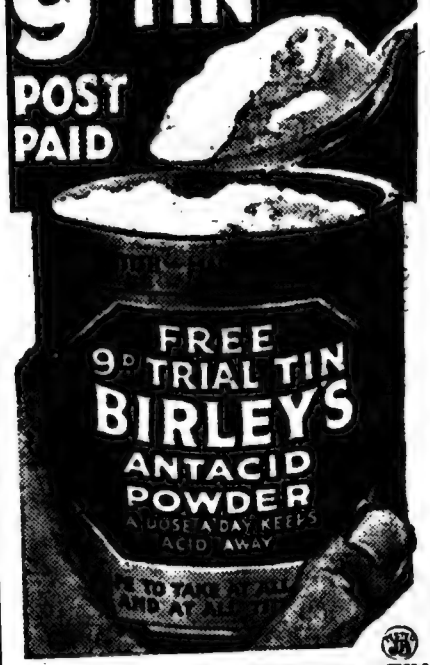
Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. **Large bottle 5/6 Smaller size 3/3**

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E. 3.

312

FREE 9D TIN

POST PAID



EXACT SIZE OF FREE 9d. TIN

WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST TIN

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (*it is put up for Free Trial only and is not for Sale*). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for Indigestion and its kindred ailments. Birley's is tasteless and harmless.

THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

OF ALL CHEMISTS. 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

COUPON No. 79

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.
16, Northdown St. King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

£950 Cash won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 162.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £780 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £378 will be sent:—

S. GLASGOW, 24, Bolton Street, Gorton, Manchester.

Mrs. A. TAYLOR, 22, Berrenger Road, Muswell Hill, N.10.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the prize must send a scrutiny by 12 at Post, Tuesday, October 18th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 21 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £4 15s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two stamped coupons were received in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 160: The extra £100 Bonus offered in this Contest has been divided between 22 entrants and payments of £4 11s. 6d. each are being despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid Crossword with a first prize of a Life Pension of £6 - a week and £500 Cash or Lump Sum of £5000, and prizes for Runners-up appears on Page 28. Try Your Skill Now!

STOMACH PAINS

Mr. GODFREY, 165, Ealand Road, Hatley, writes:—"Four years ago I was suffering intense pains in the Stomach and Chest. Could not eat anything without vomiting it back again. A friend recommended me to try Vitadatio, and I must say after taking it I felt great relief. After taking six bottles I am glad to say it is a fine tonic, and I shall always recommend it."

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Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special £1/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley Leeds. V17

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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For Children cutting their Teeth.
Prevent Convulsions.
Are Cooling & Soothing.
Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

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ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?

Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:—

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Stop your Catarrh. Get instant relief with Nostroline Nasal-Specific. Acts at once. Soothing, pleasant, comforting. All Chemists, 1/3, or triple size 3/-

Free Sample from 'Nostroline', 2 Clifton, Bristol.

For Rheumatism get 'Puritan Salts', 6d. at Chemists

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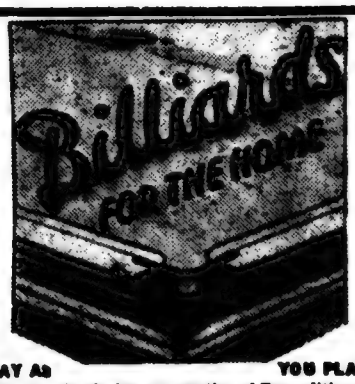
1/3, 3/- & 5/- URACE BRAND TABLETS



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EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC, or TEETHING, and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 80 years is

"GRIPE WATER"
Carminative (Brand)
MADE BY
WOODWARD
CHEMIST—LONDON.

A teaspoonful two or three times a day
KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

To W. WOODWARD, Ltd., 51, Clapham Rd., London, S.W.9

Please send me a FREE SAMPLE (Use block letters & mark envelope 'SAMPLE.')

Name.....

Address.....

J.B.14 .....

BEWARE *of these—*

WHEN Parliament meets for the coming session it is hoped to introduce a Bill for the registration and certification of private detectives.

It is high time such a step was taken. All over the country there are detective and private enquiry agencies of doubtful standing, which are a growing danger to the public.

The menace to genuine agencies is so grave that the British Detectives' Association, under the presidency of Mr. Harry Smale, has been formed to put a stop to it.

Although the association was formed only nine months ago it has already compiled a formidable black list of fraudulent firms. The information which it is bringing to light is surprising.

The extent to which this class of fraud is indulged in is scarcely guessed by the public. The head of one of the biggest detective enquiry agencies in Europe has an immense file of "dud" detectives dating from the early part of the present century.

Some of these men, who style themselves "late of Scotland Yard," have nothing to their credit but a few months of probationary service in the police force, at the end of which they have perhaps been found unsatisfactory and discharged.

Convict detective!

Others are solicitors who have been struck off the rolls. One of these was running a private detective agency not long ago. He had actually served time as a convict, yet nothing could be done to restrain him from carrying on such a business.

This man, an unreformed rogue, sat in his West End office and received confidential information from his clients which put them completely in his power. The same thing is being done by scores of other crooks at this moment.

The private detective, who is often told secrets of an even more vital and personal sort, is answerable to no one. Anybody can set up as a private enquiry agent and pose as a detective. There is no professional regulating authority to control his actions.

Plenty of ways of defrauding the public are open to such a crook. One way is to run a "school" for young detectives.

Many a young man is easily trapped into such a school by glowing advertisements describing the romance of detective work. Usually his parents pay the fees, which, needless to say, are thrown away, as he gets little or no useful training.

These raw pupils can be used to carry out work for which clients are charged stiff fees. One of the most lucrative classes of work is tracing missing individuals.

Fictitious tales

Sometimes it is a matter of vital importance for a client to discover the whereabouts of a missing relative, and it is surprising what large sums people will consent to pay agents who promise to trace him. As much as £20 a week has been paid.

Any genuine detective admits that such work is often extremely difficult and calls for a high degree of skill. But a "dud" does not worry himself about this. He simply pockets the fees and at judicious intervals demands more money, keeping up his client's hopes with fictitious tales of the progress made.

He may possibly put some so-called pupils or some poorly paid hack to work on the job, or if he is still more unscrupulous he may do nothing at all.

If his client is rich he may filch large sums of money out of him by pretending that clues are being followed up from country to country.

There was a case not long ago of a wealthy London spinster who parted with more than £400 in an attempt to trace her brother. The so-called detective she employed pretended that his agents were searching in India. But one day, in the midst of this bogus search, the brother turned up at his sister's home in London.

Another class of enquiry which is "worked" by these agents is for divorce court evidence.

Bogus detectives, it must be remembered, batten largely on unsuspecting women who answer their advertisements in the newspapers which accept these. Often these women consult them to secure evidence of their husbands' infidelity.

There was a case not long ago of a woman who paid just over £100 to a detective who kept drawing further sums from her on the plea that matters were more complicated than they had at first appeared.

At last a genuine ex-Yard man was set to work, and in two days he secured the required evidence at a cost of two guineas!

But the darker side of the story has yet to be told. The real peril of these sham detective agencies, which are subject to the control of no regulating authority, is the power which they acquire to blackmail.

How many a woman who pours her personal and family secrets into the ears of an enquiry agent suspects that she is delivering herself bound into the hands of an unscrupulous enemy?

Recently a society girl lost some valuable jewellery and consulted one of these agents, who undertook to find it. In the course of his enquiries he discovered a skeleton in the family cupboard. The girl's father had served a term of penal servitude.

For the next few months the girl's life became a misery to her. She parted with large sums of money to the blackmailer, but the more she paid the more he demanded.

At last she shot herself.

It often happens in cases where the client has anything to conceal that he or she will avoid consulting the police, but will go to a private detective instead. If the detective happens to be a "dud," he can at once take advantage of the situation by threatening exposure.

Possibly the agent will really secure the evidence she requires. If he does so, he can then approach the husband and ask him how much it is worth his while to suppress it.

He may also approach the co-respondents and blackmail them.

As a third alternative, he may possibly discover evidence of his client's misconduct. She may even confide it to him when discussing the case.

This evidence he may offer to sell to the husband as grounds for a defence or a cross-petition. There have even been cases where such evidence has been withheld until a decree *nisi* was granted, and used subsequently to blackmail the client under threats of lodging information with the King's Proctor.

When once an unguarded client has trapped the possibilities of blackmail are immense.

Damaging information about the husband, friends or relations can often be brought to light under pretence of pursuing private enquiries.

Play safe

Those who wish to consult private detectives run a very grave risk unless they know who they are dealing with. Strict precautions are absolutely necessary.

Most reputable agents supply their clients with frequent progress reports so that they can cease paying immediately if they are not satisfied with the work which is being done.

Finally, anyone can apply to the newly formed British Detectives' Association, which can at all events guarantee a good many agencies which are already on its lists.

Sharks in SLEUTHS' *Clothing*

The woman who employs a "dud" detective may find that she herself becomes the quarry he shadows. And then, inevitably, comes blackmail

SAVE MONEY ON RADIO BATTERIES

Buy Pertrix Dry Batteries and Accumulators for efficient service and long life. Pertrix Patent Dry Batteries, with their remarkable recuperative powers, give a life that is amazing in its length. The secret is in the patent construction and the high quality of the materials used, and it is this that makes Pertrix such an economical proposition.

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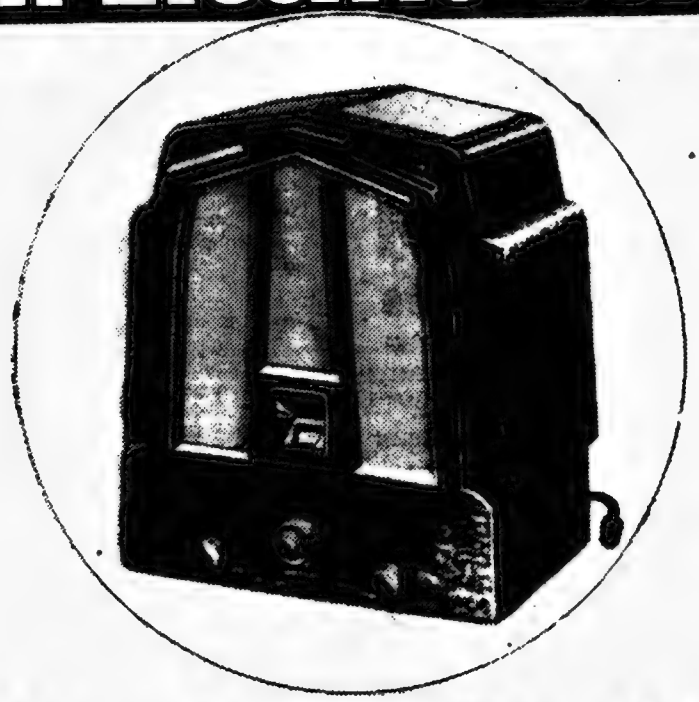
The GREATEST of all *new* 3-valve All-Electric Sets



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10 DOMINATING FEATURES OF THE MOST UP-TO-DATE SET

1. Very latest type of three-valve circuit (Screen Grid, Detector and Pentode).
2. Wide choice of stations from home and abroad at full loud-speaker strength.
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*9. Westinghouse Metal Rectifier in A.C. Model.
10. All-electric—just plug in to your electric supply and switch on—that's all.

PRICE **17** GUINEAS
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For A.C. or D.C. Mains.

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Please send me full details of EKCO Consolettes, Radiograms, Consoles and Power Units.

Name.....

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The greater the strain on the wonderful new Bolenium Non-Slip Buckle, the tighter its grip!—an amazingly ingenious construction giving a cam or wedge action sees to that. Surprisingly simple to adjust. Made of solid brass, there is nothing to rust. Detachable, not sewn on. Insist on BOLENIUM Overalls, and avoid the discomfort of slipping brace buckles.

Ask your Outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct.

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Super-Overalls

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to save money by rolling their owners' own cigarettes. Choose the 'baccy you like best, use AG papers, and your smokes cost far less and give more satisfaction. If you have a machine for rolling—any gadget of any kind—use AG just the same to be sure of best results.

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To relieve pain and burning, just dip those tired, aching feet in a soothing 'Tiz' foot-bath. 'Tiz' gives quick, sure relief and tones up the tired tissues without causing the feet to swell! Now sixpenny size (containing 18 tablets) now obtainable through all chemists and stores.

NEW SIZE 6d.

'TIZ' FOR TIRED FEET

When I Played THE FRIEND IN NEED

"It took me all my time to get that black off"—here is Vivien Duncan making up Gracie Fields as "Topsy"

MY GREATEST HOUR by

Gracie Fields,

the famous Actress

OF all the wonderful hours of my life, the one I'd choose to live over again was when I played the Friend in Need.

I suppose that, strictly speaking, I should call it more than a greatest hour. It was that all right—and more. It went on for a whole evening.

That was the first night I took the part of Topsy in "Topsy and Eva," the show that was given in London by the two American sisters, Rosita and Vivien Duncan.

Rosita, who played Topsy, suddenly had a breakdown when the production had been running only a fortnight. She had been playing the part for two years in America, and after only two weeks of it myself I wasn't at all surprised she had a breakdown.

The whole performance depended on the two sisters, and when Rosita fell ill it looked as if it must be taken off.

I had seen it only once, on the second night, and thought it very good. I liked the two girls and admired their pluck. It seemed a pity for it to finish. So I offered to take the part myself. That was at seven o'clock one evening, and I had to be ready to "go on" at seven the next.

I sat up all that night studying my part, and was at it all the next day. And, as you can imagine, with such a hasty "study" I went on the stage wondering how I was going to get through.

THEN, for better or worse, the audience gave me such a reception that I clean forgot what I was there to do. Everything went right out of my head. I couldn't remember a line.

There I was, running round the stage, saying to Eva, as loud as I dare, "What's it all about? I've forgotten everything. What have I to do? What's it all about?"

The audience still went on clapping, and I said to myself, "Well, it's very nice and kindly of you, but I've done nowt yet. Don't clap too soon."

Every time a joke was made and people laughed, I was saying to Eva, "What do we do next? For heaven's sake tell me."

The fun of the whole thing was that I wasn't a bit nervous. No anxiety. It all seemed a marvellous lark.

I was very self-conscious, too, about my bare legs. My frock—or rather Rosita's—was so short that it made me feel ridiculous. Rosita Duncan was smaller than I am. Her clothes were a long way too short for me, but there was no time to get others made. Oh, what I felt like in those legs!

Anyway, they were well blacked, and I remember feeling that was the next best thing to having some stockings on.

And there was no time to ask any questions about the rest of my part. I was too busy washing myself. All the black had to come off my legs and arms, so that I could get into stockings and gloves for the next act. It took me all my time to get that black off.

And the next time I came off the stage all the black had to go back on again. I had, in fact, to wash and re-black myself about three times that evening.

I didn't know the songs either, except one or two I had heard on the gramophone. So I had to watch Eva hard and come in with a word here and there.

I was all at sea with the rhythm, and that made it awkward with the dancing. I had to watch Eva out of the corner of my eye and trust to luck that I brought my feet down in the proper places.

It was hard, too, to stop myself from bursting out into broad Lancashire. I'd begin to say something in my native dialect and then suddenly remember I was taking the place of an American girl in an American show. A quick twist of my lips and "By goom!" became "Oh, yeh!"

The whole evening was like that. It was great sport, especially as I always just managed to scrape through. The audience clapped and clapped, but I'm sure they never realised what a wonderful time I was having.

Then, after the show, when I was washing the black off for the last time that night, Vivien Duncan rushed into my dressing-room. "Come on!" she shrieked, "the girls want you outside." And she dragged me out to the Gaiety stage-door just as I was—one half of my face black, the other half white. But that didn't trouble her.

So there at the stage-door we had to go through half the show all over again. And every time we tried to get away they shouted for more. Finally, after much difficulty, we managed to get into a taxi, and then they started dragging it down the Strand.

What a night! Looking back on it now I know the good Lord was on my side, and He helped me through.

Yes, I'd live it over again if I could. Wouldn't I just!

You may think that such a "greatest hour" in my life ought to be enough to satisfy my appetite. But you're wrong.

I'm hoping that I've a still more wonderful one to come.

THAT'LL be the first after I've given up my work for good. No more songs to worry about. No more anxieties. No more doubts and fears about whether the public is going to like my new show. Yes, won't that just be grand?

But when I sit down and think of what a lovely time I'm going to have some dear, kind friend comes along and says cheerfully, "Oh! Gracie, you couldn't live without work. You'd be bored stiff in a month."

Well, I don't know! Anyhow, I've a feeling that it will be my greatest hour of all—so I want to try it. Just once.

"The Greatest of These—"

THE UNPAMPERED POOR

Ellen Bridget

WHEN five-year-old Ellen Bridget and her wee brother were down with measles, their mother, who was nursing them, contracted pneumonia and pleurisy.

She was in hospital on and off for six months, and she should now be in a sanatorium, for it is feared that one of her lungs is affected. But how could she stay away to enjoy a peaceful recovery when the conditions in her home are so appalling? . . .

Her husband was left with his unemployment pay of £1 a week, out of which he had to pay 19s. 7d. in rent and payment for the care of two of his children—the other three having been placed temporarily in homes during their mother's illness.

So the mother crept home, and, pending the return of the three children, she and her husband and the two remaining kiddies have been scraping along on 23s. 3d. a week. Consequently she cannot get the support she needs, and her health is "just up and down."

Her husband has been out of work for five months. But that he contracted malaria during the war, the family would now be prospering in Canada.

Ten years ago, when the family consisted of husband, wife and one child, they sold up their home and went to Canada, where the husband worked on a farm, and his wife helped in the farmstead. They would have settled out there, but the husband was ordered back to England because of his malaria.

His pension was commuted for £36, and with the help of the Salvation Army, they returned to England, where he has worked as a builder's labourer.

They need help, for their rent is a few weeks behind, and they dread being evicted, as the absent children are expected home any day. Also, as their mother will then have five children under thirteen years old to keep on her husband's unemployment pay, she needs strengthening food.

Donations earmarked for "Ellen Bridget" will win the gratitude of a fine couple, and should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be made by post, and lists of current donations may be seen at any time at these offices.

IF WINTER COMES

A few days ago "daylight saving" ended. And, almost before we realise it, we shall be back in winter once more.

During the summer, you probably discovered—like hundreds and thousands of other people—that Milton was a friend in all sorts of summer emergencies. Somebody perhaps first recommended Milton to you for insect bites. It worked like magic! Somebody perhaps suggested that Milton would remove the stains of fruit juice from your linen. And so it did! Or perhaps you first discovered the wonderful facts about this most amazing of all products—through reading the little book wrapped round each bottle, "154 Ways to Use Milton."

If you again glance through that little book now, you will discover something else about Milton—that it plays just as big a part in your winter health and comfort as it did in summertime! Milton knows no season. For catarrhal troubles it is to-day bringing relief to thousands. Just as it brought relief and comfort to thousands of sufferers from hay fever this summer—so Milton brings relief and comfort in cases of winter colds. In fact, use Milton regularly as a mouth wash this winter—and you need not even know what colds and influenza mean.

For cold-sores on the lips, for sore throats, for eyes which are inflamed through driving in wind and rain—Milton is equally as effective in the relief which it brings. . . . But to list Milton's winter uses is not the purpose of this article. Its purpose is to say just this—*Milton is your friend all the year round.* And it costs only sixpence.

THIS WEEK £50 KEEP THE LABEL

WE ASK YOU—

to try a tin of Batchelor's Peas—keep the label—it may be worth £50 to you! Further details will be announced in this paper next week. Batchelor's Canned Peas are simply delicious. They are sweet and tender and very tempting; taste just like fresh Garden Peas and only require a few minutes to heat up. All good Fruiterers and Grocers sell Batchelor's Peas.

BLACKPOOL

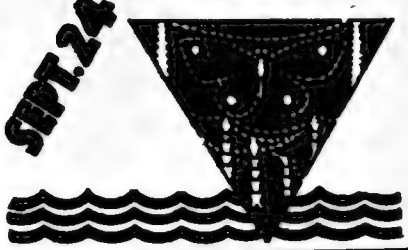
to OCT. 24

BIGGER and BETTER

Another mile added
300,000 coloured lights
More searchlights
Many New Features
Full Summer Entertainments
The Best and Brightest
Autumn Holiday

Secure your copy of the wonderful Autumn Programme now. Post free from W. Foster, Dept. 51, Town Hall, Blackpool

SEPT. 24



DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME for 12/6

We deliver Carriage Paid to your home, a superb British Pianoforte, built of first grade materials and assembled by highly skilled technicians, immediately upon receipt of 12/6. (No Deposit Required) purchase completed at 12/6 Monthly.

THE CRANE PIANO possesses a tone of purity and rich resonance, delicate responsive touch, and all up-to-date improvements. All metal frame, check action, full trichord, etc., are incorporated and it can be supplied in Rosewood, Walnut or Ebonised case.

GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS

Old Pianos accepted in part payment; full value allowed.

Write for Catalogue No. 240 of Crane Pianos, Organs, Player Pianos, etc.

Crane & Sons LTD.

140, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1
Head Office: Hanover St., LIVERPOOL

The Manufacturers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Guarantee that....

Player's Cigarettes are manufactured from perfect Tobacco naturally matured and at 10 for 6d and 20 for 11½d they are the best value in the Cigarette world.

It's the Tobacco that Counts

N.C.C.138.D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

We wish to emphasise that the number of coupons required for a "Universe" 4-Valve Screened-Grid Portable Receiver Wireless Set in the Black Cat Cigarette Advt. in our issue of Oct. 1st is 2,500. The number required was not clearly printed in a few of the copies of last week's issue, and we wish to correct any misunderstanding.

CHRONIC INDIGESTION CURED!

Read this letter from a Doctor's Son

"My wife suffered considerably with chronic indigestion after undergoing several surgical operations in the abdominal region. Various prescriptions and the majority of advertised remedies were tried, but to no purpose. My wife was recommended to try a course of 'Bisurated' Magnesia by a lady in the same hospital as herself, and the tablets have completely cured her." —*J. C., Anglesey.*

For quick, sure relief from indigestion there's nothing to compare with 'Bisurated' Magnesia because it instantly neutralises the excess stomach acid which is invariably the cause of the trouble. 'Bisurated' Magnesia enables you to eat what you like without fear of discomfort and get full nourishment from everything you eat. Not one or two, but *thousands* of doctors all over the world use and recommend this proven stomach remedy.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
the world's indigestion remedy
POWDER 1/3 TABLETS

FOOTBALL CLUB COLOURS IN BEAUTIFUL MACCLESFIELD TIES FREE

The Colours of any Club in the Six Divisions of the Football League can be obtained FREE in Beautiful Macclesfield Ties in connection with "The Big Two"

"CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS

NOTHING BARRED | 14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM | NOTHING STARRED

CESAREWITCH CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Send for Long Odds Price List

LETTER COMMISSIONS

accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

If your commission bears a time stamp not later than the set time of any race you will be on at full Starting Price or at Totalisator Odds as desired.

Send particulars of FREE TIES in Football Colours

Name .....

Address .....

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POST THIS COUPON NOW to

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.,
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Our Letter Parliament

That WORST DREAM

I DREAMT I was a Neapolitan statesman, sent to obtain information from Cæsar Borgia himself. I dined with him, watching that I ate no poisoned food; I drank with him, only touching the wine he drank himself.

He became talkative, I began to feel safe. Another drink, and he began to tell State secrets; another, and I got my information.

Throwing caution to the winds, I helped myself. Suddenly I felt a stab of pain—he grinned evilly. The pain grew—his grin widened. I was poisoned! I awoke—to the agonising effects of stewed rhubarb the night before.—*A. F., Manchester.*

The Man I Killed

He was the only man I can definitely say I killed in the Great War. It was during a night raid near Ypres, and I had just jumped into a trench, when this man appeared round a corner, and, more by instinct than intention, I lunged with my bayonet and got him.

That was the reality, but in my dream the rôles were reversed, and I could feel his bayonet plunging into my chest.

What added to the horror of my dream was that I have long since realised the futility of war.—*E. T., Orrell.*

Dancing with Death

It seemed that I was "someone" in the political world. . . . I was suddenly grasped by two men, led away down long lanes and corridors and ushered into a lighted cave.

There six men sat around a table; they were anarchists, discussing my supposed offence. I heard my sentence: "To dance with death!"

Horrors! A skeleton came gliding up, grasped me round the waist, and we danced and danced until the dream faded.—*E. F., London, E.*

The Eagle's Revenge

In my dream I was scaling a cliff to rob the nest of a golden eagle. Just as I put my hand over the fringe of the nest the cliff gave way, and I fell hundreds of feet into the valley below.

Tons of earth and rock covered me and their weight seemed so terrific that my whole body was broken, and I gasped in agony for release. Somehow the mother eagle got at my face, and was striving to tear at me with her talons.

Then I awoke—to find my shaggy old pal Boxer lying on my chest, licking my face to get me to "get a move on."—*J. P., Southfields.*

"I'M afraid his heart won't stand an anæsthetic: we shall have to operate without."

The surgeon's words numbed my brain. Horror-struck, I watched him don his gear and casually select instruments from a nearby trollyful of impedimenta, whilst the nurse hummed softly to herself as she prepared the bandages and dressings.

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

Then I awoke, thanked God for my health, and stepped into my morning tub, knowing only too well that hospital staffs would not, in any circumstances, subject a patient to a nightmare of that description.—*C. Miller, Chelsea.*

Dead Man's Face

Years ago I worked on the building of a battleship. For months I watched the mass of steel and scaffolding rise higher and higher until I became sick with a hidden fear. One day I saw a worker fall from the top scaffolding.

That night I dreamt of the incident. I saw the man hurtling into space and saw myself running towards the prostrate bleeding body. Then I looked down into the face of the dead man and saw that it was myself.

Very soon I gave up that work.—*W. W., Kingsbury.*

Crash of Doom

I was standing on the top of that enormous airship the *R101*, sailing through the air with arms outstretched enjoying my new adventure.

Then the huge bulk dropped. I felt myself slipping, but I clung on. Then she rose again—dipped once more—and the ground was speeding up towards me!

I screamed. Suddenly we had crashed to earth. The next morning I read the news that *R101* had crashed to her doom. —*M. W., Portsmouth.*

Hill of Horror

I was driving a fire engine at nearly forty miles an hour when we came to a long, steep hill with a sharp bend at the bottom. Knowing that my brakes were in good order, I just let her go. . . .

We were almost at the bottom, and as I attempted to brake, I discovered to my horror that the clutch and foot brake pedals, gear and handbrake levers were all made of rubber, and bent under the least pressure.

I awoke before disaster came!—*Pyro, Birkenhead.*

In Poverty Street

My worst dream? It seemed to me
Children were gazing hungrily
At empty cupboards. Tiny feet,
Badly shod, traversed the street.
Women clad in rags and tatters
Moved abroad saying "Nothing matters."
Men once strong, now weak and grey,
Cursed the workless hours away.
Then I awoke, so glad to find
To me and mine—the world was kind!
—*I. R., Southall.*

Chased by Wolves

I was driving through a great Russian forest in a sumptuous sleigh, drawn by three horses. Beside me was a lovely Russian girl. Moonlight, frosted trees, the tinkle of bells—priceless furs over us.

Then came the wolves—a huge pack of great timber-wolves were howling behind us. Gradually they gained until the leaders were almost on us, their tongues lolling, their teeth terrifying.

I looked at the girl by my side. She had fainted. So much the better. . . . I pulled the furs well over her and decided I must die to save her.

I sprang sideways out of—bed!—*A. Warwick, Ilford.*

* * *

I dreamt that I was one of Henry VIII's wives and had been sentenced to the block. What a glorious relief to wake up when the executioner's axe was about an inch from my poor neck!—*S. T., Glamorgan.*

In my dream I saw the sun drop from the sky like a great ball of fire and fall into the school playground.—*Mrs. W., Tutbury.*

A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS

FOR OCTOBER 8

FIRST DIVISION.

*(1) PORTSMOUTH v. Bolton.
(2) Sheffield U. v. NEWCASTLE.
(3) ARSENAL v. Derby.
(4) BIRMINGHAM v. Wednesday.
(5) CHELSEA v. Middlesbro'.
**(6) EVERTON v. Blackpool.
(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Villa.
(8) LEICESTER v. Liverpool.
(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Blackburn.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Leeds.
(11) W.B. ALBION v. Wolverhampton.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) SOUTHAMPTON v. Chesterfield.
(2) Notts County v. Forest.
(3) Bradford v. STOKE.
(4) BURNLEY v. Manchester U.
(5) BURY v. Fulham.
(6) LINCOLN v. West Ham.
(7) Millwall v. BRADFORD C.
(8) OLDHAM v. Grimsby.
*(9) PLYMOUTH v. Charlton.
(10) PORT VALE v. Swansea.
(11) PRESTON v. Hotspur.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) NORTHAMPTON v. Bristol C.
(2) Q.P. Rangers v. Reading.
(3) Aldershot v. Norwich.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Torquay.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Brighton.
(6) Orient v. Coventry.
**(7) C. PALACE v. Watford.
(8) LUTON v. Gillingham.
(9) Newport v. EXETER.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Cardiff.
(11) Swindon v. BRENTFORD.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) WALSALL v. Barrow.
**(2) GATESHEAD v. Wrexham.
(3) Accrington v. Crewe.
*(4) CHESTER v. Carlisle.
(5) Darlington v Halifax.
(6) DONCASTER v. Hartlepools.
(7) HULL v. Barnsley.
(8) Mansfield v. Southport
(9) NEW BRIGHTON v. York.
(10) ROTHERHAM v. Rochdale.
**(11) STOCKPORT v. Tranmere.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Queen's Park.
(2) Third Lanark v. Hamilton.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Kilmarnock.
*(4) AYR v. Falkirk.
*(5) CELTIC v. St. Johnstone.
(6) Cowdenbeath v. ABERDEEN.
(7) Dundee v. RANGERS.
(8) R. Stirling v. HEARTS.
(9) Partick v. MORTON.
*(10) ST. MIRREN v. Clyde.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

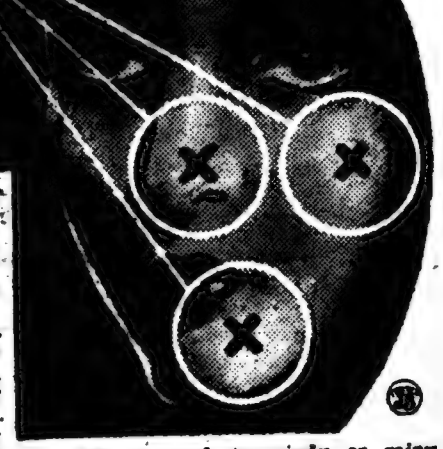
Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—6 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section.—11 (*A*); Scottish League.—5 (*H*) would indicate Everton, Southampton, Brentford and Celtic.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 11.

Life's Best Ten Years —and Why

3 Places Where Skin SHINES



Specialist tells what to do

Any woman can now prevent her skin from looking shiny and glistening by simply blending a teaspoonful of Mousse of Cream in her favourite face powder. In Poudre Tokalon the Mousse of Cream is scientifically blended with fine, soft air-floated powder, by patented process. It stays on four times as long as ordinary face powder.

Thus, Poudre Tokalon will enable any woman to keep her complexion fresh and lovely — without the slightest trace of shine — all through a whole evening while dancing in the hottest ballroom, or while exposed to windy or rainy weather. Apply Poudre Tokalon to-day and worry no more about those 3 places where skin usually shines. Only 1/- a box.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for **9/6** carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN **CARPETS** Suitable for Dancing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms saving the purchaser all middle profits, and they are guaranteed genuine bargains. Over 600,000 sold during the last 18 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match.

9/6

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE 20/-

The Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public. Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world, and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. Each bale Greater value than hitherto. Read the guaranteed Contents :—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Rabbit Blankets, full size, 80 ins. x 60 ins.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Rabbit size 54 ins. x 75 ins.
3 Yorkshire White Rabbit Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 72 ins. x 70 ins.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 ins. by 70 ins. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, size 72 x 92 ins. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery; size 60 ins. x 90 ins.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels absorbent loop pile, size 30 ins. x 44 ins.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 ins. x 36 ins., new designs, Blue, Crimson Gold, &c.

Elegant Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c., post free.

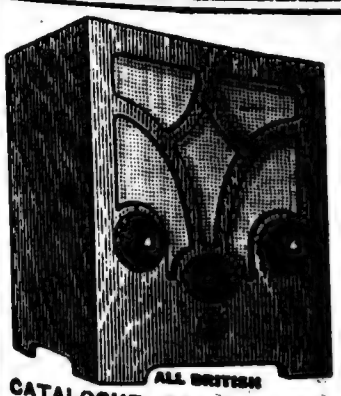
BALE COMPLETE Carr. Paid **20/-** Money returned if not approved.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.L.) Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

No "After Bite" When Shaving with Cuticura Shaving Cream

A small amount quickly becomes a thick, lasting lather that penetrates to the hair follicles, while the medicated properties of **Cuticura** soothe the skin.

Price 1s. 6d. a tube. Sold at chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.



GRAVES 'ARIEL' 2-VALVE RADIO

Here is the most marvellous Radio Offer, and it could not have been made a moment sooner. This wonderful bargain brings Radio pleasures into every decent home in the land.

6/- NOW

THE GRAVES 'ARIEL' Set is a triumph of quality and value. Self contained in one cabinet of lovely polished Oak, 15½ x 13½ x 10in, every component of the highest class. All-Steel Chassis, Ferranti Transformer, Utility Condenser, Portrin H.T. and L.T. Batteries, latest type Mullard Valves. Made under Marconi Licence & designed to give the most natural and satisfactory reception of B.B.C. programmes and Foreign Stations within its range.

This is your finest chance to get such a completely perfect set on terms of payment which you can easily afford. Our full price, safely delivered Carriage Paid, is only £4.10.0.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED; there is no extra charge for easy terms of 6/- per month; 2/6 per week, paid monthly, makes you the satisfied owner of the 'Ariel' 2-Valve Set, and ensures you and your family thousands of hours of pleasure and instruction.

THERE ARE NO SNAGS.—This is a straightforward offer from a firm with 40 years' reputation for honourable dealing and Mr. Graves gives you his personal assurance of full satisfaction.

ALL BRITISH

CATALOGUE POST FREE, with full particulars of 'ARIEL,' and other Battery and All-Mains Sets; also Radio Grams. All on Gio knocking prices and on easy terms of payment.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

"Bullets" 20th Anniversary!

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU ITS RECORD PRIZE £5,000

ON PAGES 38, 39

The Leader 2d EVERY MONDAY ALL NEWSAGENTS OFFERS YOU BEST ADVICE ON

How to win it!

COMPETITORS entering "John Bull's" mammoth "Bullets" offer will find more advice and assistance in THE LEADER than in any other competition-solving paper! No other publication devotes anywhere near as much space to literary contests or provides its readers with a more comprehensive service

-that's why Readers of 'THE LEADER' have won

22 OUT OF 33 "BULLETS" FIRSTS THIS YEAR

following

35 OUT OF 46 "BULLETS" FIRSTS LAST YEAR

EACH of the examples in the current "Bullets" offer is analysed in this week's issue of THE LEADER. Competitors are provided with likely thoughts and examples of specimen lines. Ideas likely to be duplicated are also indicated.

Another useful feature is that of criticising all recent winning lines, in order to show why they met the judge's eye, and the skilful points in their construction. A great deal of valuable information can be obtained from these notes.

Competitors are also provided with further coupons for Bullets and with which many first prizes have been won.

These three features appear in every week's issue of :—

The Leader

Now on Sale 2d Everywhere

STILL BIGGER 2-IN-1 PRIZE

FOR SOLVING JOHN BULL'S AMUSING X-WORD PUZZLE

£300 CASH AND 30/- EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE

OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £800

ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN

ENTER BY NOON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

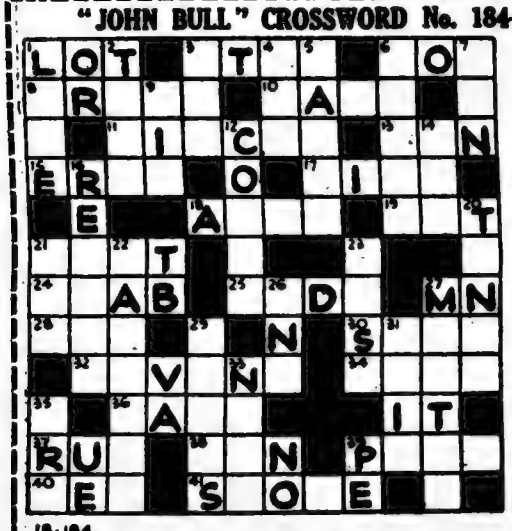
£100 EXTRA BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO SEND 2 SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

For this week's amusing Crossword contest, open one week only, "John Bull" has increased the First Prize to a novel big 2-in-1 award of £300 cash and a Life Pension of 30s. per week! And there is a further £200 to be won by Runners-up, as detailed above.

These longer evenings provide an ideal opportunity for you to fill a spare half-hour by filling up the entertaining squares—but make sure that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, October 13th.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 20th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 27th.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 184—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 13



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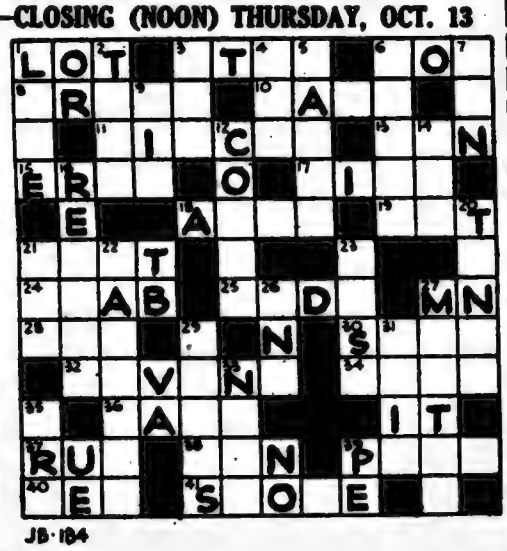


JB·184

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

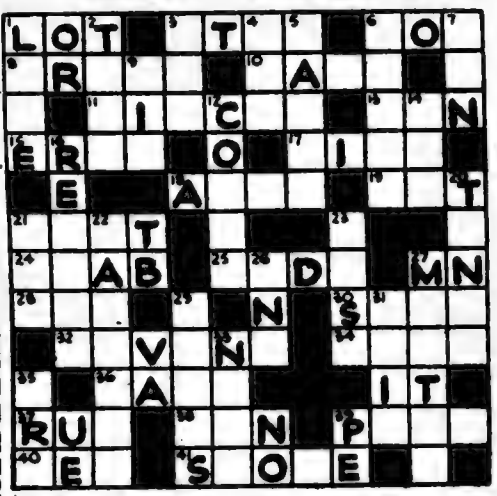
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 184—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 13



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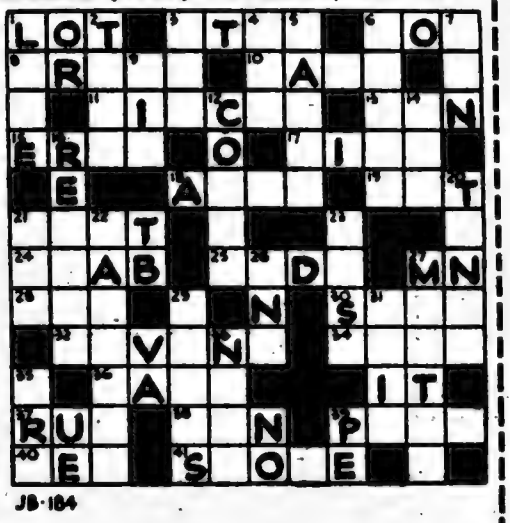

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In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

EACH ENTRANT ALLOWED TWO 6d. COUPONS ONLY

CLUES ACROSS

1. Much.
3. Stalk of a plant.
6. Summit.
8. Belonging to Ireland.
10. Describes swindled punter.
11. Are often little ones.
13. Went swiftly.
15. Formerly.
17. Fastened.
18. They show a man's character.
19. Habitual drunkard.
21. Wish ardently.
24. Street urchin.
25. Is used for softening water.
28. Up to the present time.
30. Is worn on the foot.
32. Foretell.
34. Difficult.
36. Ornamental vessel.
37. Regret.
38. Seen on holiday-maker's face.
39. Masters encourage boys to do this.
40. Affirmative.
41. May shine if constantly rubbed.

CLUES DOWN

1. Used when building house.
2. They often help to sell the cigarettes.
3. Feminine pronoun.
4. Female sheep.
5. Ship's aerial is suspended from these.
6. Cars run on rubber ones.
7. Annoying if without a point.
9. M.P.s do this in Parliament.
12. Are made in circular form.
14. Fuss.
16. What frightened horse did.
20. With tone adjusted.
21. Make sure yours is right.
22. Original inhabitants.
23. Is welcomed by hungry man.
26. First number.
27. Liable to decay.
29. Used for fights.
31. Frozen rain.
33. Tidy.
35. Peep.

Winners of X-Word No. 182 appear on Page 29

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 184, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in Ordinary ink, copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Send Entry Forms by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 13th, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or illegible will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdirected, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 27th, 1932. Should any competitor not accepted as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 8th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, the cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

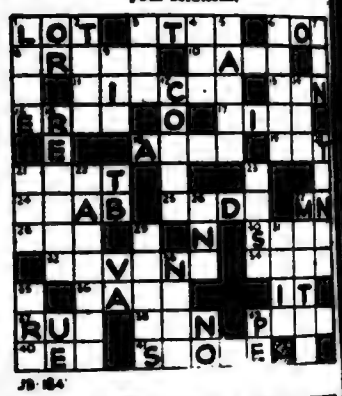
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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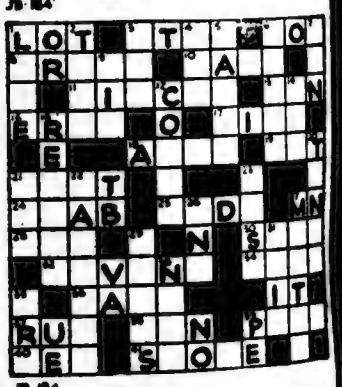

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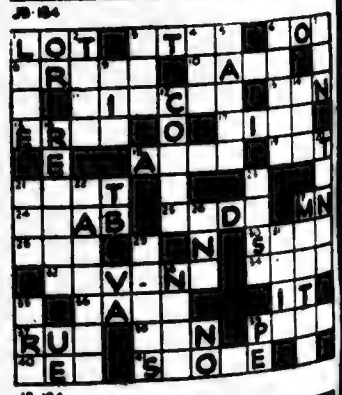

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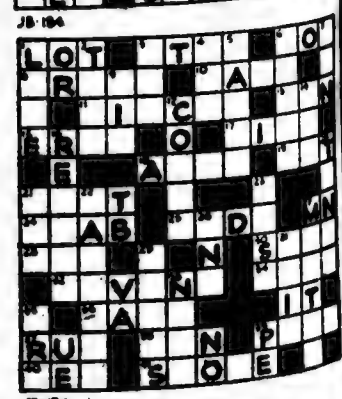

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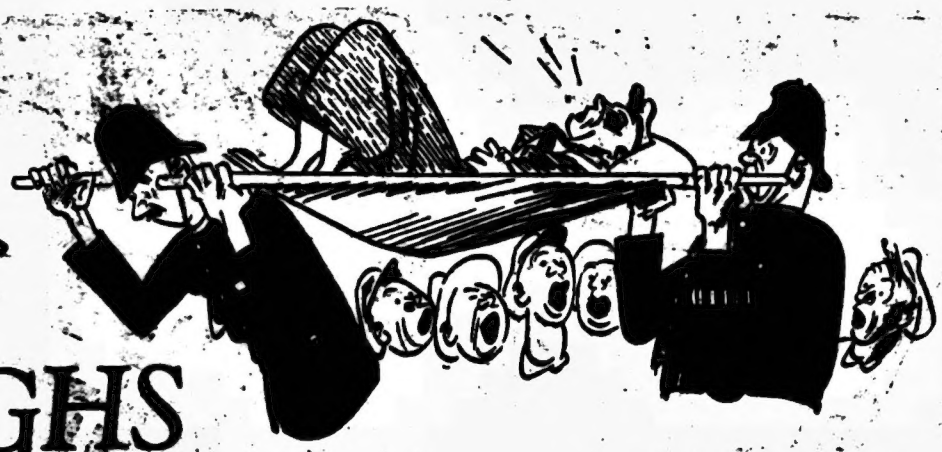
The Editor LAUGHS LAST



Referee (Birmingham).—"Can't you picture me being carried shoulder high from the football field?" No, but our artist can.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

G. B. (Bath).—"How do artists live?" , that is the art of it.

R. M. (Leeds).—"I cannot have a fire there is no fuel in the house." We are turning your letters.

T. M. (Brixton).—"Is it wrong to make baby suppress its tears?" No; merely possible.

T. E. (Bucks).—"Would a little reason- g stop divorces?" Yes, and also mar- ages.

A. T. (Hendon).—"As a modern girl, I aim the right to pick my own friends." o pieces?

B. E. (Cork).—"What is the ideal nner?" The one somebody else pays r.

B. S. (Woking).—"Not one woman in n can pass a beauty test." Nor a beauty op.

JAMES (Norwich).—"I am coming to e you on the 13th." It *would* be the th.

Y. M. (Bath).—"Getting married costs ore than it once did." So does remain- g a bachelor.

M. B. (Hull).—"I gave the password, Editor's Instructions,' but your commis- ionaire ejected me forcibly." Yes, he as told to carry out our instructions.

D. B. (Clacton).—"My garden now looks ry bare and empty." See letter below.

C. M. (Brixton).—"My neighbour rown has just returned the garden- ller and lawn-mower which he has had l the summer." See letter above.

G. M. L. (South Shields).—"A Newcastle an has delivered his first public speech the age of ninety-one." What a splen- d example to public speakers!

DOCTOR (Harley Street).—"Tiredness is ten the result of keeping the hands arm." We have certainly seen boxers lie own shortly after putting on gloves.

DRESS EXPERT (London, W.).—"A man's othes should match his hair." Thus uggesting that a bald-headed man should e a nudist.

E. M. (Kenton).—"What words describe he man who, instead of giving vent to ealthy laughter, sniggers behind his and?" Golf caddie.

J. A. MURGATROYD-JONES (Bedford).—Why are women disinclined to marry en with long names?" Because they an't sign cheques quickly.

H. T. (Beccles).—"An American woman as just divorced her husband who pre- iously divorced her." Still determined o have the last word, we suppose.

C. N. (Hampstead).—"It is the policy f our big banks to teach people what oney really is." But they never send ut free samples.

F. P. (Aldershot).—"My wife has been mitten with a craze for collecting ntiques; can you suggest how I might ure her?" Give her a 1910 model car r her birthday.

B. G. (Upper Norwood).—"After ten ears of married life my wife declares m the finest man she knows." And id you pay for her new hat without a urmur?

L. D. (Frome)—"My wife's cooking is ood generally, but she leaves little bones n the meat and I have broken one tooth." emind her that the next set will have o come out of income.

MUSIC TEACHER (Edinburgh).—"Most eople who take up the piano do so to use p their leisure hours." The little girl n the flat next door to us certainly manages to kill ime.

MISS ANNE (Brighton).—"A Hollywood film actress, ho is to be married shortly, is giving up her career fter the ceremony." We understand that this is an nvariable rule of hers.

D. C. (Oundle).—"Bernard Shaw prophesies that ithin thirty centuries children will talk as soon as they e born." That makes us rejoice more than ever that e live in the good old days.

S. W. A. (Staines).—"I have been brought up to elieve that it is best to suffer in silence." Strangely nough, that same philosophy is the reason we have ot answered your letters.

D. R. (Euston).—"Many night watch- men play patience." And nap?

F. G. (Camden Town).—"Collars should be done away with." The laundries are doing their best.

N. M. (Moorgate).—"My office boy's handwriting is getting worse." He's probably got Yo-Yo wrist.

H. T. (York).—"My wife spends four hours preparing my dinner." Buy her a new tin-opener.

W. M. (Elstree).—"Do you know what Hollywood has offered me?" Advice to keep away?

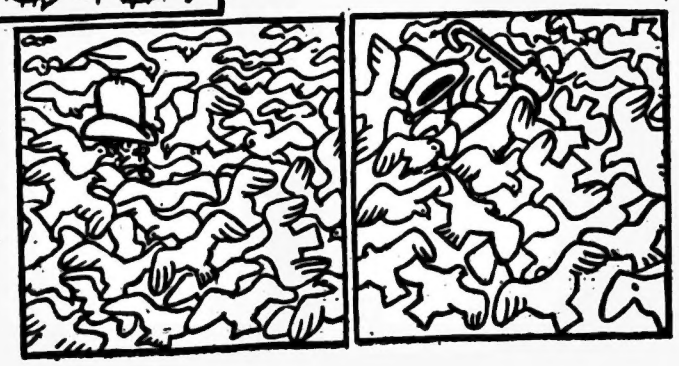
A. M. (Bodmin).—"Both my sons are exceptionally clever boys." And yet some people believe in heredity.

R. M. (Bury).—"Can you make use of a couple of MSS. of about 10,000 words?" Yes, send them along on November 5.

F. T. (Taunton).—"Good music makes me think." You must listen to a lot of jazz.

PETER (Cheltenham).—"Why do more women attend church than men?" Where better could they see and criticise each other's clothes? (See below.)

JOAN (Everton).—"Why do fewer men attend church than women?" Because other men's clothes don't worry them. (See above.)



ADAMSON *Feathered Fiends!*

G. M. Y. (Turaham Green).—"The state of my mind depends on the weather." Then why write to us on a dull day?

HOUSEWIFE (Grimsby).—"Sometimes I lie awake for hours at night." Your husband talks in his sleep?

FOOTER (New Forest).—"Our village team contributes regularly to the local hospital." Referees?

D. M. (York).—"Whatever does the modern woman want to cry for?" A new set of furs.

A. B. (Saltash).—"I tell you this is the age of the clever woman." But you can't tell us the clever woman's age.

J. B. (Earleston).—"I took my courage in both hands." Why, were you afraid of spilling it?

SANDY (Glasgow).—"After all, a Scotsman is a human being." And expects to be "treated" as such.

R. T. (Crewe).—"I have been working on exactly the same lines for years." Are you a platelayer?

J. H. (Chatham).—"There are better things in this world than money." Yes, but it takes money to buy them.

H. C. (Staines).—"Before I arrive, my head clerk is the laziest man." And when you come you relieve him of the title?

S. E. (Cam).—"Are not those who tell us the truth about ourselves our best friends?" Yes, but not for long.

SLEEPLESS (Charfield).—"I counted no fewer than 30,000 sheep last night." And then it was time to get up?

MYRA (Decre).—"Do not we women dress more sensibly than men?" Yes, but barely.

A. L. (London).—"A Chicago gunman plays the saxophone in a dance orchestra." A jazz bandit.

D. M. (Ventnor).—"I cannot write any more as my pencil is too blunt." That's one of its good points.

L. C. M. (Wandsworth).—"Can you make big money writing for the Press?" Well, somebody's soon going to make £12 a week for Life or £5,000 by writing a few words for JOHN BULL. See overleaf.

K. J. (Totnes).—"Out come the gramophones when the cold weather commences." The winter of our disc content.

MRS. M. (Wealdstone).—"I told my cook that she must remember her station." And she obliged by looking up the trains?

P. H. (Ely).—"She doesn't sing now that she's married and has got a couple of babies." Children are a comfort, aren't they?

M. M. (Plymouth).—"Thousands of germs live on a single penny." That's nothing—millions of human beings live on an overdraft.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

HAIR TREATMENT.

A well-known consulting hair specialist, Mr. Arthur F. Pye, of Blackpool, has written a book entitled "How to End Hair and Scalp Troubles." It explains a new hair-growing method which, Mr. Pye claims, has been extraordinarily successful, producing a complete new growth of hair in a woman of eighty, and in a man who has worn a wig for nine years to hide the ravages of scalp disease.

The book referred to above may be obtained free on application to Mr. Arthur F. Pye, 5, Queen-st., Blackpool, mentioning JOHN BULL. Mr. Pye also gives free consultations daily.—[Advt.]

HOW TO END THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA

Nerves! The horror of them! The way they make life unbearable for the sufferer and miserable for those around! And usually they go from bad to worse.

Yet there is a simple way to cure nearly all nervous troubles, a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for it is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence, or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlx. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

HONEY AND PINE TO CURE COUGHS.

For generations, housewives have found home-made honey syrup a remarkably effective treatment for coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh and sore throat. Even now, this famous old remedy is unrivalled for quick and sure relief. Though few women can spare the necessary time to make honey syrup, the healing ingredients of the original recipe are obtainable in 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, which contains Oil of Pine to destroy germ infection, Honey to soothe and heal cough-torn tissue, Squills and Ipecac to cut choking phlegm, and Menthol to clear blocked air-passages. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup instantly soothes throat soreness and "tickle," stops that irritating cough and restores the deep nasal breathing so essential to health. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup is supplied by chemists at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and if you suffer with cough or any form of bronchial trouble, this well-tried remedy will give you immediate relief.

4/- NOW

We will send to approved orders our full family Sheffield Stainless Cutlery & Table Plate Service, comprising 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives, Ivory-grained handles; 6 Dessert Knives; 6 Columbian Nickel Table Forks, perfectly white all through; 6 Dessert Forks; 6 Dessert Spoons; 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons; 6 Table Sp'ns; 1 pair Sugar Tongs; 1 Jam Spoon; 1 Salt Spoon; 1 Sugar Spoon; 1 pr. Sheaf Steel Carvers. Price 4/6/- Terms 4/- now, 4/- m'thly. Cash Price Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

KING of PRIZES for 'BULLETS'

13,122 OTHER PRIZES

£200, £50, SECOND THIRD

20 BIRTHDAY CHEQUES OF £5,
100 BIRTHDAY CAKES EACH WITH 10/-
1000 PRIZES OF 2/6, 2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS', 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES,

MAKE YOUR FORTUNE THIS EVENING

AT last the Twentieth Birthday of *Bullets* has arrived. The £100 infant of October, 1912, is the giant of October, 1932, bringing within your reach the staggering prize of £12 a Week for Life—or £5,000 in one colossal cheque!

Sweeping aside all records of the past, and dwarfing every other offer before the public to-day, JOHN BULL presents a two-weeks-only opportunity for you to become gloriously rich for life.

Close your eyes for a moment and imagine that it is Friday, November 4. You have just recovered from the thrill of receiving the First Prize-winner's telegram and everybody is congratulating you.

Now open your eyes again and make this dream come true. Somebody must win this monster prize for an entry by Saturday, October 22, and one of your *Bullets* may well be the best.

Before beginning on your efforts, however, study the full and fascinating details of this memorable prize-list. Look at the offer of other big Birthday Cheques; observe the array of 100 *Bullets* Birthday Cakes from Buszards, each with 10s. cash; count your 13,123 opportunities of securing a prize.

Finally, notice that although you need enter no more than one coupon to win any of the prizes offered, an entirely separate scheme guarantees you a complimentary *Bullets* Birthday Gift value 2s. 6d. if you enter six or more coupons as directed, accompanied by the Gift Coupon provided.

Guided by the winning styles in the result on this page, and by the instructions on the opposite page, get busy on your *Bullets* this evening and win independence for life with a few well-chosen words!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 864

FIRST PRIZE, £3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £1,000—or £2,000:

Mr. A. BALFOUR, 43, St. Lawrence Road, Upminster, Essex.

Example:—MOTHER'S JOY
Bullet:—WATCHING HER "*Manikin* PARADE."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. H. FLETCHER, 36, Ritchie Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Example.—Feeling His Feet
Bullet:—Forgot Shoes I Gave!

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. BREWIN, Station House, Hampton, Evesham.
Example:—Her Trousseau
Bullet:—Dusters—Her Romance, "Dust."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. BARR, Bareencote, Kenton Lane, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.
Made Him—Light-fingered—Poverty's "Heavy Hand."

Mrs. E. M. FAULKNER, 7, Cecil Road, Exeter.
Down Our Street—Gamblers Beat *Statute* Book.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. HAMERTON, 37, Jolliffe Street, Liverpool.
Peep Into The Future—For Bob, For Bob.

W. HINDMARSH, 65½, Hawthorn Road, Ashington, Northumberland.
Her Trousseau—Like Fiance's Overalls, Moth-eaten.

W. H. MILLS, 66, Bingham Road, East Croydon.
Down Our Street—Singing Miners—Empty Cellars.

S. J. NOSWORTHY, 14, John Lane, Plymouth.
Closing—Hour—Produced Her Man!

J. PRYS, Treworgan, Llandenny, Mon.
Defenceless Woman—An "Ironclad"—In Chiffon!

F. H. ROBINSON, 28, Maldon Road, Wallington, Surrey.
Vanished — Unemployeds' "Column" — Statesman's Monument.

T. E. TIMS, 39, Hayles Buildings, St. George's Road, London, S.E.
International Football—"*Charity*" Would Benefit *That*.

E. WYNNE, 38, Myrtle Grove, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Down Our Street—Salvationists, Only People "Saving."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

F. J. BARNETT, 13, Park Road, Blackpool, Lancs.
Serious Matter — Things "Flat" — I'm "Pressed."

E. H. COLE, 201, Burrage Road, Plumstead, S.E.
Defenceless Woman—Makes Him Wear Chest-protector!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. DRYDEN, 47, St. Donatt's Road, New Cross, London, S.E.
Peep Into The Future—"Confound Those Noisy Martians!"

C. V. EVANS, 30, Priory Close, Sudbury, Wembley.
"Fancy Meeting You!"—Then Pub's "Run Into."

A. W. HEATH, 28, Creggan Road, Rosemount, Londonderry.
Made Him—Raging Outlaw, Law's Outrage.

Mrs. L. LISTER, 21, Aylesford Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
Her Trousseau — "Hanging Out" — And Neighbours!

C. Y. SIMMONS, 35, Tonbridge Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
Made Him—Afraid—Being "Lion."

Mrs. D. D. STACEY, 28, Grove Road, N. Finchley.
Down Our Street—"Up Our Court" Forgotten.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. TARLTON, 13, Fernleigh Avenue, Westdale Lane, Mapperley, Nottingham.
Drowning Man—Moneylender Offers *Dotted* Line.

C. E. R. TAYLOR, 66, Langham Road, Oldham, Lancs.
Made Him — Remembered — "My Boy, Remember—."

A list of 250 Bullets "Season Ticket" winners and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 863 usually purchase "John Bull."

TAKE THE CHAMPION'S WAY TO SUCCESS

SEEKING relief from the worry of long spells of idleness, a Nottingham lace designer turned to *Bullets* and banished his worries for ever.

If you want to make up *Bullets* as prize-worthy as this 4,500 Guineas winner entered by Mr. T. Roberts, 33, Maud Street, New Basford, IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*, why not take his short cut to success?

Arrange, as he did, to receive a free weekly supply of *Bullets Bulletin*—it costs you only sixpence postage for twelve weeks' issues, yet its guidance may help you to win as much as £5,000! So long as supplies are available, each reader of JOHN BULL who registers for *Bullets Bulletin* up to Tuesday, October 18, will be provided with a copy of our Twentieth Birthday Souvenir issue.

The present "Bullets" Champion, whose 4,500 Guineas prize is eclipsed this week.

It contains an invaluable list of big prize efforts of the past, an article on the judging of *Bullets*, a remarkable contribution by the *Bullets* Champion, and many other helpful features.

You will be wise to post off to-night the reservation coupon provided below and be certain of your copy.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

GIANT 20TH BIRTHDAY OFFER

£5,000 Cash

FOR 2, 3, OR 4 WORDS

ENTER BY SAT. OCT. 22

Unlimited
BIRTHDAY GIFTS

Each sender of Gift Coupon below, accompanied by six or more coupons entered by same competitor, will receive when prizes are distributed a handsome 2s. 6d. Surprise Gift, of special value to every "Bulleteer."

HOW TO MAKE A £5,000 "BULLET"

"THERE'S no magic in *Bullets*," says the winner of the biggest prize yet paid for a *Bullet*. "Success is simply a matter of perseverance and faith in yourself." He is right. The magic lies in the power of the prize!

A *Bullet* is simply an original comment which links up aptly with one of the *Examples* below, conveying your idea clearly in carefully chosen words. As an instance of how to make a *Bullet*, suppose that you choose the *Example* HUNGRY WORLD, by adding the words STILL FOOLISHLY "BITING ITSELF" you would complete a *Bullet*.

Before you start on your own efforts, it will pay you to study the winning efforts printed on the opposite page.

Having absorbed the good points of these winners, you are ready to plan some telling attempts yourself. Get down to this fascinating hobby of making *Bullets*, and remember that your Birthday Offer coupons must reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, October 22.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

HUNGRY WORLD	WITHOUT A FRIEND	I'M AFRAID
LEST WE FORGET	LOOM OF LIFE	SACKED
SHIP OF STATE	THE NEXT	FROM HEAVEN
MADNESS	HARD CASH	GOLDEN HARVEST
WHEN THE HOUSE COLLAPSED	NEARER	HER FAVOURITE
HIS WATERLOO	SON OF THE SOIL	LIKE THE PRINCE
DEAFENING	IDLE DREAM	GATHERING
KILLS AMBITION	HUMANITY'S PROBLEM	WHEN SINGLE
SOMETHING IN THE AIR	LOAD OFF MY MIND	A HIGHWAYMAN
IN THE GREAT OPEN SPACES	PICTURE OF MISERY	CONQUERING EVEREST
NOT STOPPING	MAN ON THE ROAD	ALL MEN ARE LIARS, SO
WE HOPE	STRUGGLING ON	PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS
DAWN OF LOVE	DID FOR FATHER	WHEN WIFE'S AT WORK
		"WHAT A WASTE!"

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

(1) The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. (2) Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. (3) The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Entry Fee—See Rule 2

With 1 coupon send P.O. for 6d.
" 2 coupons " " " 1s.
" 3 " " " " 1s. 6d.
" 4 " " " " 2s.
" 5 " " " " 2s. 6d.
" 6 " " " " 3s.

2/6 GIFT COUPON BELOW

You must enclose Gift Coupon below with your entry for Competition No. 868 if you wish to secure "Bullets" 20th Birthday Surprise Gift value 2s. 6d. One Gift only allowed to each entrant.

Whether or not you are eligible to claim a Birthday Gift will have no effect whatever on your opportunity of securing a prize.

BIRTHDAY GIFT COUPON

I enclose . . . . coupons (NOT LESS THAN SIX) for "Bullets" No. 868, all entered in same name, initials and address as below. Please despatch Birthday Gift accordingly.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

N.B.—*This coupon is valueless unless actually enclosed in envelope with six "Bullets" coupons as above. The six qualifying coupons may include prize coupons.*

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(868) P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Oct. 22
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(868) P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Oct. 22
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(868) P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Oct. 22
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(868) P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Oct. 22
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(868) P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Oct. 22
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(868) P.O. No. .....
Closing SAT., Oct. 22
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.
Signed .....
Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 868, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

INSIDE EVERY COPY OF THE 'PICTUREGOER' JUST OUT

FREE PRESENTATION ART PORTRAIT of Jack BUCHANAN

Superb 8-PAGE PHOTOGRAVURE FILM STAR SUPPLEMENT

FREE ENTRY FORM FOR £7,500 FILM STAR CONTEST

4 STUDIO PORTRAITS OF FILM FAVOURITES offered Free

Four amazing "surprise" Presentations for you—inside every copy of the "Picturegoer" just out—Don't miss them!

SURPRISE Presentation No. 1 is a magnificent FREE Souvenir—an exquisite whole-page art plate portrait of Jack Buchanan, printed in gravure, specially taken and autographed for "Picturegoer" readers, plate-sunk, ready for framing. **The most striking Film Star Portrait you've ever seen!**

The second great FREE Presentation is a superb 8-page supplement, specially written for the "Picturegoer" by P. L. Mannock, the famous film critic. A fascinating review and a gorgeous portrait gallery of the 28 great stars featured in the "Daily Herald's" stupendous Film Contest in which the world's record free cash prize of £7,500 is waiting to be won. New, rich, gravure photographs with descriptive write-up that may help you to win that colossal £7,500 cash prize.

Surprise Presentation No. 3 in this issue of the "Picturegoer," just out, is a Free Entry Form for this greatest of Film Contests. Make twelve simple crosses on it and you may win a fortune.

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20

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